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# O'HARA;

OR,

1798.

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"Non enim propter gloriam divitias aut honores pugnamus sed propter libertatem solummodo quam nemo bonus nisi simul cum vita amittit."  
—LIT. AD PAP. A. D. 1320.

Guilty as many of those were on whom the heavy vengeance of the Government descended, it is melancholy to think that they were not the most guilty."—EDIN. REVIEW, 1811.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# O' H A R A.

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## CHAPTER I.

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What will not woman, when she loves?

Yet lost, alas! who can restore her?—

*Rogers.*

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THE wounded man was carried in a senseless state off the field, and as the ball had passed through the body, no hopes were entertained of his surviving. It now became necessary for Henry to retire to Castle Carra, until the fate of his antagonist was known, and a horse having been kept in waiting, he avoided the town of Newbridge, and in company with his fighting friend, rode home by a circuitous road.

Major O'Hara was much distressed by this unhappy accident. The unfortunate coinci

dence between himself and his son was singular: both had started into life with human blood upon their hands, and each, through affectionate feelings, had become an homicide. He attended the examination of the wound, and the Surgeons at once pronounced it mortal.

Felton's career of life had been too ruffianly for his fate to excite any sympathy from friends or foes, and accordingly the persons who surrounded the litter were more influenced by curiosity than any feeling of regret.

“ Is there any chance ? ” said a Sexagenarian, as he put on his spectacles with great deliberation. “ Phoo—under the breast, and out near the back bone ; I would not give that pinch of snuff for his life,” as he coolly applied his fingers to the box. “ The very spot where Tom Langley hit Sir Richard Rawdon—I was the poor Baronet's friend—they chose Ballymartin churchyard, and I remember Sir Richard's ball broke the great window. The quarrel originated the evening ‘ The Sons of Harmony ’ fell out, and wracked Ally Mac Allister's tavern. Poor Dick knocked Langley through the clock-case ; ah ! the world was then worth

living in—pleasant, cheerful society ; we did not leave as much whole glass in the house as would mend a skylight.”

“ Allow me to nip your dust,” lisped a macaroni-looking youngster ; “ real Lundy, by Jove. Is Felton dished ?”

“ Dead as a herring,” said the elder. “ Upon my word, Henry O'Hara is a fine, promising youth, and behaved very prettily.”

“ But Moutray is always lucky,” said the youngster ; “ his friend is sure to nick.”

Amidst such conversation, the dying man was borne off the field, and the spectators separated, to attend the more important concerns of the election.

Hitherto the contest had been close, but as the freeholders were exhausted, the liberals stretched a little a-head, and it now became apparent, that all rested on the decision of *one man*.

Sir Nathan O'Donoghoe, for twenty years of public life, had managed with singular tact to be an eternal dabbler in politics, and yet no person could succeed in attaching him to any creed or party. On this occasion his system of

manœuvres was what seamen technically call "backing and filling." He coquetted with both sides, and each supposed they had him by turns. When the Aristocracy imagined that all his scruples were removed, and that on the next day he would bring forward his levies, and sturdily declare for King and Constitution—*Heu! mortalium vanæ spes*—at that very instant the Republicans were decorating a chair with green and yellow, in which the Baronet, after exhibiting as the dauntless champion of civil and religious liberty, should be carried in triumph from the hustings. The bodily fatigue endured by Sir Nathan, during the continuance of this protracted flirtation, was prodigious; but, by the blessing of a sturdy constitution, and a competent supply of whiskey, he managed to support the battle. From feverish excitement, or probably want of time, the Baronet's toilet was subject to sad irregularities; and certain garments, generally considered to be indispensable, were not unfrequently forgotten in the hurry of multitudinous interviews with principals and agents. Whether nature or his own ingenuity could

have held out longer is uncertain, but loyalty eventually enlisted him, and he came forward in favour of Lord Monteville. It was whispered that some pressing debts were unexpectedly discharged that morning, but this we assert is sheer scandal, for we have heard himself declare that his honesty was incorruptible. It is however certain, that his influence decided the election, and Lord Monteville was returned.

Never had Henry O'Hara before been exposed to the fascinations of peerless beauty. Between his mother and Lady Loftus a strong friendship and strict intimacy had existed; he had therefore necessarily been the playfellow of Lord Monteville and his sister; and when his lordship was sent to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford, Lady Constantia became his favourite companion. But his mother's death snapped the tie which had hitherto united the families of Loftus-Hall and Castle Carra, and he was removed to the University at that critical period, when puerility was passed over, and when the sweet child he had so long loved as a sister,

was ripening into loveliness and womanhood. His residence in Dublin had introduced him but little to the world ; his father never joined the gayer of either sex, and of course Henry had no more general communion with female society, than if he had been still shut up in the gloom of his retired home. Nor was his visit to France calculated to supply the defects of early education and secluded life. The convulsion of the Revolution had then destroyed the established order of things ; and, left to his own discretion, the military turn, so peculiar to his family, induced him to leave Paris for the Bormida, and follow the standard of the youthful hero who was leading the Republicans to victory. At Millesimo, Lodi, and Castiglione, he fought with Buonaparte as a volunteer, and continued serving with the armies of the Republic until family affairs recalled him to his native land.

Such was Henry O'Hara—no man knew less of woman—the circumstances of his earlier years had debarred him from female society ; manhood came, and still he had not felt the

witchery of the softer sex. Day after day now witnessed a ripening attachment—retirement fostered the growing passion; and a heart, hitherto untouched by “woman’s love,” was offered with enthusiastic devotion at the shrine of his fascinating mistress.

The woman who, with unbiassed affections, could coldly receive the homage of O’Hara must indeed have been insensible. Emily listened to his avowal of a first and faithful passion—she heard the ardent Irishman speak of emotions never known till now, and confessed that her feelings were not foreign to his own, and that her heart beat in unison with his. “Twilight grey” concealed the blush which burned on her cheek,

“As lips met hers, and touched and parted;”

and circling arms strained her to a breast, which before that rapturous hour had never felt the maddening throb of woman’s.

April set in with all its inconstancy of weather; frequent and heavy showers had fallen during the day, but an evening of peculiar loveliness invited Miss De Clifford to walk in the pleasure-grounds. No visiter had dined

that day at the castle, and soon after the ladies had left the dining-room, a packet was delivered to Major O'Hara, which caused him to retire to the library. The Doctor had commenced a diffuse harangue on a disputed reading of Euripides, but Henry took the earliest opportunity of retreating, and left the Doctor and the Greek to entertain each other. That instinct which leads a lover to his mistress, soon placed him at Emily's side; all around them breathed calmness and repose—the rich green of shrub and forest-tree, refreshed by the alternate shower and sunshine of the morning, glistened in the red beams of a brilliant sun, now sinking in the distant waters of the lake in cloudless majesty. A few labourers loitered beyond their usual hour, engaged in rolling the walks, and O'Hara and his fair companion struck into a retired path, which led by the side of a mountain rivulet to Glandullogh. No spot could be more romantic than that which they had selected. The mountain stream, generally shallow and scanty, increased by the heavy rain of the morning, tumbled its volume of water over rock and precipice, foaming like mortal



passion, and, like it, its own violence hastening its exhaustion. Lofty pines and full-grown oaks shaded the dell, while holly and mountain ash, intermixed with luxuriant hazels, occasionally overhung the narrow stream, and concealed it beneath their leafy canopy. No sound but the rushing waters, broken now and then by the whistle of the startled blackbird, disturbed the silence of the glen. The peasant's fears kept him at a distance, and the thrush and wood-pigeon here nestled in security, terror preventing the timid boy from traversing the haunted valley. The hour—the place, harmonized with the feelings of those who visited it—and Henry spoke with rapture of hours of future happiness. With vivid colouring he painted scenes of visionary bliss, while all of mortal trouble and disquietude was banished from the glowing picture.

“ Yes,” cried the enthusiast ; “ sweet Emily, we will often revisit this spot ; and while nature changes its varying hue, our constant love will contrast with its mutability. Spring shall restore its desolated verdure, summer smile upon

its full-blown beauty, and autumn sear its drooping leaves; its pride and freshness shall wither, while love alone, permanent and imperishable, shall mourn for nature's versatility."

"Never," cried the shrill voice of Alice More, as she suddenly stood beside them; "never shall thy dream be realized! Tree and shrub shall decay, but they will bloom their stated term. But thy love, mad boy!—the bubble dancing on yonder pool is not more transitory. Did I not warn you—did I not tell you that—?"

"Away, wretched visionary!" cried Henry, while his eyes flashed with rage.

"Away—and leave you to dream of love, and in Glandullogh too! Ay, well was the spot chosen, for before now, lovers have sworn here, and their vows were broken!" (Her voice became agitated, while passion and surprise prevented young O'Hara from interrupting her.) "Ay, the night was as lovely, and the full moon shone through the branches of the mountain-ash which once shaded that mossy bank, but, like him who rested beneath it, it has fallen; and—but why so pale, lady?—it is

but a love-tale after all. She who was ruined in this very spot—”

“ Stop, Alice, this is not to be borne. Do you mean to insult me, and a lady, the guest of my father? Your wanderings shall not be in these grounds. What brings you here?”

“ Brings me here, boy!—dare you ask the question? Cursed be the hour that saw me here, and cursed be he who—but no, I have forgiven—may God pardon him as I do ;” and she crossed herself devoutly. “ Nay, Henry, bear with me—even with all the ill that has befallen me, I love the gentle name of O'Hara yet; and if the grave could send the dead back again, I might almost fancy that—but do not shudder, lady. My presence did not once alarm, my voice once did not appal the listener; here was this faded form worshipped, and here man was false, and woman ruined?” (She paused, and tears started to her eyes.) “ Sit, lady, and I will tell you the story of poor Alice—none but your father knows of Alice and her wrongs, Henry—” “ But your being here, and your errand to Glandullogh—”

“ But, listen—”

Alice seated herself upon a mossy stone, and paused for a few moments, as if to collect her thoughts. “ When I tell you, Henry, who I am, you will remember to have heard of me—I am the daughter of Roderic Maguire. My infancy was passed in a religious house of the Ursuline order, of which my aunt was superior, and, till my fifteenth year, I was educated for a conventual life. My mother died in giving me birth, and my father, a field officer in the Emperor's service, confided me to his sister's care. One morning I was walking in the Convent garden, when a message was brought to me from my aunt, desiring my presence in the parlour. I entered the room, and started on seeing a fine looking, middle-aged man, dressed as military persons are when not on duty, and decorated with a cross and medal. But judge what my feelings were, when he clasped me to his breast, and called me daughter. He had come to remove me from my aunt, and his claim had evidently been met with considerable displeasure. In vain my father endeavoured to reconcile her to my departure—he pleaded ill-

ness, his solitary situation, with none to soothe a wounded spirit, none to minister to ruined health; but, said he, 'if Alice wishes to remain—;' I sprung again to his arms, and with tears and sobs, vowed never to part from the parent from whom I had been so long separated. My aunt, finding it vain to oppose my determination, sullenly acceded to my departure; and, after she had coolly bid us adieu, we left the convent, certain of having incurred her deep displeasure.

“ On our journey, my father communicated his history to me. He was one of the last male descendants of an attainted family. Entering the Austrian service at an early age, his rising military talent was soon distinguished by a captain's commission; and, while attending the Archduke Leopold, as Aid-de-Camp, at Breda, a lady of the noble house of Lichenstein loved him, and they eloped together. Her family refused to pardon her; and, when in the following year, she died in childbirth, they denied shelter and protection to her helpless offspring, and obliged him to confide me to his sister's care. Prodigal of his blood, and ever

courting danger, Maguire raised himself rapidly to distinction, until he attained the rank of Major-General.

“ Unfortunately for himself, he was employed in the last campaign between the Imperialists and Turks. The royal personage who held the chief command, was without a shadow of military talent, and what was worse, his staff was ignorant as himself; mistake succeeded mistake, and consequently the expedition was one scene of error and misfortune. Winter concluded this miserable campaign; and, on the return of the chief officers to court, a cold reception awaited all but him, the cause of every mishap which had befallen the Austrian arms. Among the rest, my father was freely censured; but, conscious that he had always raised his voice against the ill-judged measures of the Archduke, while many plans, founded in error and ignorance, had been carried through by the energy and valour with which he overcame every obstacle, Maguire boldly threw the stigma from himself, and convinced the Emperor that all the calamity which attended his arms, was only attributable to the

improper persons to whom the command had been intrusted. My father's character was raised in proportion as his fortunes were ruined. A duel with an Aid-de-Camp of the Archduke, in which the rash young man was killed, was made the pretext for his persecution, and he resigned his commission soon after, having fought twenty years for an ungrateful autocrat, who suffered him to depart without a ducat, excepting the small sum produced by the sale of his horses and camp equipage. 'I am, you see, dearest Alice,' said he, 'removing you from one solitude only to another. We must bury ourselves at a distance from the great; and from the only friend I have in this world, I shall entreat a quiet asylum.'

"We reached the end of our journey—it was Castle Carra. Your grandfather received us with open arms, and agreeably to my father's wishes, gave him for our residence, a small hunting lodge, the ruins of which are yet to be discerned on the shores of the lake.

"We had not been long there before the trifling property my father had brought from Germany was exhausted, and with it his health

appeared to proportionably decline. He was now almost dependant on his friend's bounty, and his efforts to conceal the distress attendant on his poverty could not be hidden even from me, ignorant as I was of every worldly concern. In the morning I often surprised him in tears; and for the live-long night he would frequently pace his chamber. We had, indeed, completely retired from the world. Your grandfather was nine months of the year confined by the gout, and our whole society was confined to one person—William O'Hara. (Alice paused, and seemed agitated.) William O'Hara was youngest brother of your grandfather, and at the time we came to this part of the country, was on the Continent learning the art of war. William returned to bid his family adieu, and was the constant visiter of my father's sick bed, and the only man whom I had ever intimately known. He generally passed part of every day at the lodge, and at last became so necessary to my parent's happiness, that when any accident interrupted the customary visit, his absence rendered the patient low-spirited and uncomfortable. Our other occasional visitors



were the Village Doctor and the Parish Priest, and when I compared young William with them, I thought him almost a demigod. Often, Henry, have I traced his features in your own—the eye soft as woman's, when he spoke of sorrow or of love; but in anger, its flashes were insupportable. The voice had all the flexibility of your own—it could persuade or threaten. The figure, tall, elegant, and athletic; his appearance was so engaging as to procure him among the neighbouring ladies, the title of *Sweet William*.

“ I never left my father's chamber but for the short time in the afternoon, when he usually slept. No one intruded their visits on us, and the loneliness of the lodge, at that time embosomed in an oak wood (of which a portion still remains), allowed me to take my evening exercise without the fear of any strange step breaking in upon my privacy. Solitude is ever dangerous to woman; but, oh! how fatal was it to me. William often surprised me in my walks, and my flushing cheek betrayed how agreeable was our meeting. Ignorant of the

world, I wondered if any men were like my father and my companion.

“ My parent's decline was so gradual, that I did not perceive it. He was unusually low one evening after William had left him—I asked him if his shoulder pained him, (an old wound there caused him at times intolerable agony.) ‘ No, Alice; few as my friends are, I am about to be bereaved of the dearest.’ ‘ Gracious God!’ exclaimed I, while my changing colour betrayed my feelings, ‘ it cannot be William O'Hara!’ ‘ Nay, love, we must learn to live without him. O'Hara sighs for military glory; and, as the fortunes of the old house are greatly shattered, although they have not suffered the total shipwreck which has annihilated mine, he is determined to leave the fragment to uphold the name, and seek out fame and fortune for himself where the best sword has the best chance. Oh! how my bosom beat at the thought of running the same brave course, when thirty years ago I kissed the tear from my mother's cheek, and bade her an eternal adieu. Ungrateful Austria!’ The remembrance of

what he had been, and what he now was, agitated my father excessively, and turning away his head, he gave free vent to his tears. His mind was totally enfeebled by disappointment, disease, and poverty; and all that remained of the once chivalrous Maguire—he who had figured in the proudest of the continental courts—he who had often led the Imperialists to victory—was a heart-broken, spiritless invalid, waiting in hopeless, helpless despair, the kindly deliverance of death.

“ William O'Hara called on us, he was later than usual, and my father, contrary to his general habits, did not take his evening's repose. I thought William appeared anxious for an opportunity of speaking with me, and when a servant came for him from Castle Carra, he scrolled a little billet, which he put into my hand unseen. ‘ Dearest Alice, it will be a sweet moonlight night—I wish to see you before I go, and will be at Glandullogh as the Castle clock strikes ten—your father will be then asleep, and your attendance for a short time unnecessary.’ William observed me as I read his invitation; the blood mounting to my cheek,

the downcast eye, the tremulous voice, which refused, hesitated, and consented, betrayed the true situation of my feelings.

“ Maguire was unusually dispirited—eight o'clock sounded from the belfry—he got up, and took some turns across the apartment—he complained of lassitude, and again undressed and went to bed. ‘ Alice,’ said he, ‘ take down the book which William brought me, perhaps you may read me to repose.’ I opened it, and commenced with a beating heart—my agitation was so great that I could scarcely articulate a sentence. Maguire observed it—‘ Nay, Alice, lay it aside ; why, love, your voice is tremulous with confinement and anxiety ; give me the sleeping draught, and I will compose myself to rest. Now, Alice, take away the taper, and let me view that blessed moon till sleep steals on my weary lids. Ay, on such a night, I sought the proud palace of Count Lichenstein ; I fastened my charger to a tree, and stealing through the garden, found Frederica waiting for her young Hussar ; I wrapped her in my pelisse, and the good steed bore us to where a calash was waiting ; and she for whom an Arch-

duke had sighed in vain, gave up all—wealth, home, and honours, to share the destinies of a nameless adventurer ! And such was the night when I entered the Turkish camp at Kowna ; one centinel was alarmed, but my sabre silenced him. The horse-tails of the Pasha floated in the pale moonlight, and showed his rich pavilion towering over the humbler tents which encircled it. I pressed forward with my brave followers, and nearly surprised him ; his guards awoke, but too late to save him. Hulan and Turk cut desperately at each other ; sabre clashed with scimitar ; we slaughtered the infidels, as half sleeping, half armed, they encountered us. I reached the object I aimed at, as Mohammed was escaping through the curtained opening ; I confronted him and called on him to surrender ; he shot me through the shoulder, and the good sword which never failed me, cleft him to the chin ! The rest the page of history records—a burning camp and scattered army ; and the cross which you now wear, was placed upon your father's neck by Prince Frederic, amid the still glowing ashes of the Turkish tents.' I stood listening—Maguire's dim

eye kindled as he spoke of his former glory. I bent over his bed—he kissed me again and again, and commended his ‘darling Alice’ to the protection of the Virgin. I closed the door, and left the melancholy chamber.

“ My heart beat fast as I listened to the bell striking nine. What thought I, can he want to say? Should I tell my father of William’s request? No—doubtless he wished our meeting to be without his knowledge; he is leaving us, and he may wish to tell me what may refer to my parent, but yet may be improper to communicate to an invalid. He may wish to speak of something concerning myself—and I felt my face glowing at the thought. I looked through the little lattice; it was indeed a blessed night—no passing cloud dimmed the radiance of the full moon—no breeze rustled through the thick foliage which overhung our cottage; and the lake, bright and silvery as a spotless mirror, only rippled to the sullen plunge of the trout or the pluming of the wild-duck’s feathers. I fearfully threw my mantle round me, and desiring the country girl, who was our sole attendant, to watch lest my father wakened,

opened the door with a trembling hand, and bent my steps to Glandullogh.

“ William and I had often visited the lonely valley together; I gained the entrance of the dell—my heart beat violently, when a sigh startled me, and O'Hara stood beside me.

“ He seated me on the green turf beside him, and, as he took my trembling hand, I found him labouring under strong emotion; his face was flushed, and his voice broken, while my heavy sobs told how poignant was my grief. ‘I must leave this sweet spot, dear Alice; I must quit the scenes of childhood and the house of my forefathers—I must wander far from country and kindred; but, Alice, that would cause but passing sorrow—but to leave you, and unprotected too.’ He paused.

“ ‘ And wherefore leave us, William? Is not the house of O'Hara your home—is not the heart of Alice all yours?’

“ ‘ Mine, Alice! sweet girl, I do believe it, and mourn that fate and honour tell me I cannot but reject it. Yes, Alice, I could almost forego the fixed determination of my heart—I could live with you in solitude which no human

voice had broken—in retirement which never human foot disturbed; I could live without the world, and die without a name—but I am a dependent on another's bounty, and though it be a brother's, never,'—and his eyes lightened as he spoke—' never will I more break the bread of dishonour—never shall William O'Hara know that fair fame and fortune could be won, and that he did not woo them.' I could not speak, and he continued. ' Should I live to return again—should my name be coupled with the brave and noble, will Alice be my bride?—will she twine love's flower around the crimson wreath of glory?—or, should I come home a fortuneless, nameless man, will she receive the wanderer, though none else should bid him welcome?—though no house should be open to him—no friendly hand be stretched to greet him?'

“ ‘ Houseless or honoured—befriended or bereaved, ever shall one hand be thine—one heart,'—the rest a burning kiss prevented. Pressed in his arms, the world and all its care was forgotten—all was night, and love, and silence. Ask me no farther. The moon beam



which lighted me to Glandullogh fell upon me, whose fair fame, nor spot, nor stain, had darkened; but oh! one short hour saw the victim of love, with trembling step and anguished eye, seeking that home which in purity she had left, to mourn in night and solitude the wreck of mental peace and virgin honour."

Alice More paused—her lip faltered—her face grew ashy pale. "One struggle more, and the tale of sin and sorrow is disclosed to the last human ear which shall ever listen to it! William O'Hara wrote to me early next morning; if any thing could have calmed the agony of my remorse, the fondness of that effusion might have done it. He promised to provide a priest, and have our marriage solemnized that night, and we met again at Glandullogh. Unfortunately, the priest was unable to leave his bed from sickness, and oh! love once more prevailed, and at one hour's intimation O'Hara was obliged to leave his home, even without being able to say 'Farewell.' Letter after letter came, but, oh God! eternal shame was consummated—guilt could not be concealed, and I dreaded lest a parent's eye should remark my

altered form. Miserably were those fears confirmed—Maguire observed the fatal appearance—I suddenly fainted, and as he hastened to relieve me, the disgraceful discovery was established. The wretched parent could only stagger to the couch, and with a groan of deep horror closed his eyes for ever!

“ Premature labour came on—my child was still-born, and my senses fled, it was supposed, never to return. Your father had me removed to Castle Carra; all that kindness and humanity could do was done, and I was again restored to health and reason. But my misfortunes were not completed; William O'Hara was hastening home to make the only reparation he could for the deep injury he had caused me. He stopped by chance at the village inn, where the officers of a marching regiment were resting for the night; and a dispute having arisen from some trifling misconception, (the parties having drunk freely) one of the soldiers challenged O'Hara on the post. Both started on their feet, and before William could unsheath his sword, his bloody antagonist run him through the body. You, Henry, know the remainder.

The murderer, with his brother officers, accidentally halted for the night at Newbridge; your father saddled his swiftest horse, and posted off to avenge his kinsman's death. It was dark when he reached the little inn; he rushed into the room where the soldiers were seated, and demanded satisfaction from the murderer. In vain his comrades urged delay—no, not one moment's would be listened to—they fought with pistols—the table separated them but two or three paces—they fired together—your father was stunned by the ball, which grazed his forehead; but the murderer of his kinsman received his shot through the heart, and fell a dead man upon the floor.

“ Such, lady, is the tale of Alice More. She was wronged, but her injuries were deeply avenged. Love's idle dream of bliss opened to her a life of misery and suffering. The calm morning of life was unruffled, when the tempest burst at once upon it, and hope and happiness were swept away. Years of agony have been endured, and solitude and penance, and mockery and madness, have not removed the recollection of one fatal hour. Such has been my fate, and

if the voice which never spake falsely may be trusted, yours will not be happier; but hark! a stranger is approaching, remember Alice—remember her warning, or,”—she paused for a moment, threw a glance of mingled scorn and pity on O'Hara as she remarked his angry eye, drew her cloak closely round her, and vanished through the underwood.

Alice More had scarcely disappeared, when a servant from the castle arrived with a shawl for Emily. During their walk home, Henry endeavoured to soothe the perturbation of his mistress, and described Alice as an unfortunate person, whose intellects had been too severely injured by early misfortune ever to regain their proper tone. He would, he said, declare the state of his heart to his father, and, sanctioned by his approbation, prefer his suit to Lady Sarah, and he hoped that nothing would eventually prevent their union.

Lady De Clifford, anxiously expecting the return of her daughter, was alarmed, lest the evening air should injure her, and as Henry had been repeatedly inquired for, he left the drawing-room to seek his father. He found him, as

usual, engaged in writing, and encircled by numerous papers. A letter had been just received from his law-agent, in which Henry's presence in Dublin was stated to be indispensable, as he had been a party in the proceedings instituted by O'Moore against his father. The necessity of his attendance in town was stated to be urgent, and, from a delay in transmitting the letter, he would be obliged to set out on the ensuing morning. Never was a client more unwilling to leave a quiet home for law and litigation. He cursed O'Moore and his claims most fervently; but an attorney's warrant is imperative, and he left the library accordingly to prepare for this unexpected journey.

The door of the drawing-room was partially open, and as he passed, the sound of Emily's harp told him she was there. He paused to listen—she ran her fingers rapidly over the strings, and after the symphony had ceased, a soft, but powerful voice sang the following

#### SERENADE.

Come to me, love!—night's lamp on high

Its silver ray around is beaming,—

The red star's in the azure sky,—

The glow-worm in the heath is gleaming;

No sound disturbs night's stilly rest,  
Save the sad sigh that rends the breast  
Of somebody.

Come to me, love!—the midnight breeze  
Sweeps the blue ridge of ocean's billow,—  
Cold moans the blast thro' you tall trees,  
And wildly waves the lonely willow;  
But oh! how warmly beats one breast,—  
It knows no cold, when thou art press'd  
By somebody.

Come to me, love!—thy father sleeps,—  
The warder's slumbering on the tower,—  
The wolf-dog to his kennel creeps,  
But Love lies waking in thy bower—  
And faithful arms around thee prest  
Shall strain thee to the beating breast  
Of somebody.

The harp ceased, and Henry with a deep  
sigh retired to prepare for his departure in  
the morning.

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## CHAPTER II.

---

When men draw cold steel on each other in their native country, they neither care, nor may dwell deeply on the offences of those whose swords are useful to them.

*The Monastery.*

---

IT was late when Henry bade Emily adieu. The moments flew unheeded as the young lover repeated his vows of eternal constancy, and still with Romeo he lingered to say "a thousand times good night," when the clock, beating the hour of midnight, echoed through the castle. Delicacy suggested that the interview should not be protracted, and with a heavy heart he saw his mistress retire to her chamber.

He was about to leave home, and to leave it, labouring as he did under doubt and apprehension, was indeed most painful. In expectation that his father would have confided to him the nature of his present mysterious intercourse with strangers, he had postponed inquiry

to the last; but now he determined to satisfy his worst fears, and demand that confidence, which for the first time had been withholden. Thus resolved, he approached the library; it was situated in a tower rather detached from the main building, and terminated a long and arched passage, which branched from the great hall. One o'clock struck, and all within the castle seemed profoundly quiet; he reached the apartment silently, when an unexpected glare of lights, and the hum of many voices made him pause before the folding-doors of green cloth which were within the massive oaken portal. Standing in perfect concealment, the immense thickness of the walls of the tower allowing ample space for remaining securely between the outer and inner doors, he gazed with amazement on the scene which the interior so unexpectedly presented. Around the spacious table fifteen or sixteen persons sat; his father occupied a chair at the extreme end, with Lord Edward Fitzstephen seated on one side, and a foreign-looking stranger on the other. A silver candlestick, containing many wax lights, stood in the centre, and en-



abled him to perceive that numerous papers, maps, and drawings, were scattered around. One remarkable circumstance he observed. Pistols lay before each of the party, and an armed man stood behind his father's chair. Another table, amply covered with refreshments and wines, appeared on the opposite side of the apartment.

Henry could scarcely credit his senses. Was it possible that a band of conspirators were seated in secret council in his father's house, and Lord Edward himself under the same roof with him? He turned his attention to the remainder of the group:—in the person seated next to his Lordship, he recognised an old acquaintance—it was Counsellor S——, celebrated alike for his eminent talents and unhappy end; a stranger was in the next seat—and the next—the fourth, however, was occupied by Mahony's mysterious friend, the Colonel; all the others were unknown, excepting the unfortunate Fitzmaurice. Henry shuddered as he looked on his altered features and wasted form; he was yet in the prime of life, and within his young memory had possessed the noble estates

now partitioned between M'Culloch, Glossen, and others; he sighed when he recollected the former splendour of the unhappy spendthrift—the dashing equipage, the noble stud, the long array of liveried menials, were once his; and fancy carried him back to the first fox-chase he had ridden. It was the ill-starred prodigal's unequalled pack he followed; and Fitzmaurice, with his huntsmen and whippers, and mounted grooms and led horses, passed “in shadowy review” before him. What was he now? A homeless, houseless wanderer; and, just emancipated from a prison, appeared a ready tool for any desperate party to employ.

Of all the company, Mahony's companion fixed Henry's attention the most; he was a stout, middle-sized, middle-aged man, and of that particular appearance which renders it difficult for a stranger to assign him any definite rank in society. His dress, in its quality and fashion, was gentlemanly; and in his air there was freedom and boldness; but the features did not please—the sallow countenance had cunning and duplicity lurking in its dark lines, and altogether it was a face that we cannot contem-

plate without suspicion. The Colonel was apparently engaged more in observing others than in taking an active part in what was passing. His keen, grey eye continually traversed the table, and occasionally he made written remarks on shreds of paper, which were pocketed without observation. Presently, he left his seat, and after whispering a few minutes to his neighbour, retired.

With a sinking heart, Henry viewed the assembled conspirators. Were these men the associates of his father and Lord Edward? And had they linked themselves in desperate enterprise with persons of suspicious character and broken fortunes? The conversation, which had been desultory, suddenly ceased, and a person who was seated at the lower end of the table, and who, from his dress and appearance, seemed to be a Dissenting Minister, rose and spoke as follows:—

“ It appears from the returns of Ulster, that the cause of freedom goes on triumphantly. Our advices from our brethren in France are equally exhilarating—the troops destined to assist us are on board, and the fleet awaits only a favourable wind to start for our deliverance.

The sons of liberty watch for the signal to rise, and the star of despotism sinks for ever! In you, my Lord, Leinster has placed her hopes, and under your leading, her enlightened children shall strike for freedom. We have here assembled to name a chief for Ulster; and when we consider the immense force which this patriotic province has enrolled; when we recollect that one hundred thousand armed men are, like the lion in his lair, prepared to put forth their overwhelming strength, doubtless, whosoever may be called to the high office of commander, will not be insensible of the deep responsibility attached to this most honourable appointment. We have turned our eyes unanimously to one—" (and he glanced to the spot O'Hara occupied); "and one question answered, we proceed to nominate him to the chief command."

A dead silence succeeded the Minister's address; all turned their eyes in the same direction of the speaker's, while the object of their attention, after a moment's reflection, rose and addressed the conspirators—

"I have been, Gentlemen, already acquainted

with the intentions of the delegates of Ulster; and, although it may appear to many of those that listen a matter of surprise, I shall at once declare, that if the offer of being named your leader is made to me, under the stipulations which, I believe, are contemplated, I shall reject it! No one, for the best years of his life, has followed the cause of reform more ardently, and may I add, more uprightly, than myself. No person has more reason to complain of insult and oppression than I. I have staked life and property without a murmur; and I have never refused to meet the wishes of my countrymen in any thing which their discretion demanded; but here, in this one point, I am immoveable. Personally, I will dare death on field or scaffold, when my country strikes for freedom; but an imperious sense of duty prevents me from attempting to influence my *son*. On the approaching crisis, doubtless he will not remain impassive to coming events; but never shall Henry O'Hara be perilled by his parent—never shall that brave life which was so freely exposed to shelter mine—never shall it be endangered by the counsel of his father.

I am ready to play the part a man should, and when the hour comes—”

“ O'Hara shall see his son, living or dying, by his side!” exclaimed the listener, as he sprang from his concealment, and rushed to his father's fond embrace.

A wild shout of exultation burst from the assembled delegates. O'Hara was appointed, by acclamation, to the chief command, and Henry rose from his knees a *United Irishman*.

The moment of enthusiasm was soon over, and the youthful rebel thought of the occurrences of this eventful night with feelings of intense agony. The life and fortune of his father was in the balance, and he had plunged into the tide to save him or perish. To retire was now impossible, for O'Hara was the appointed leader of armed thousands. He thought of love, and Emily, and saw his dream of years of happiness dissolved by the events of a few short minutes—but an hour since he pictured all that a glowing lover could fancy. How rudely was the veil removed, how suddenly the vision melted into air; he had ceased to be a free agent—he was now the member of a mighty

body, he was now a sworn actor in the coming scenes of anarchy, confusion, and blood. In vain he swallowed deep draughts of wine—vain were the congratulations of the delegated Republicans, as they complimented their new associate; he saw them depart without almost noticing their salute, and found himself alone with his father and Lord Edward.

Fitzstephen rallied him on his visible depression; and perceiving that his father was much affected, Henry made an effort, and succeeded in rousing his spirits. The conversation was opportunely turned on his intended visit to the Metropolis, and Lord Edward hinted at the probability of himself soon visiting the capital. Morning was far advanced before they separated; and O'Hara telling his son that a new groom would accompany him on his journey, as he proposed riding to Dublin, (which, by-the-by, was then the common mode of travelling), embraced him, and bade him farewell.

Late as the hour was when Henry retired to his chamber, day had not long dawned when the Major's servant awakened him. He rose with an aching head; the scenes of the pre-

ceding night, joined to the unusual quantity of wine he drank, rendered him confused and uncomfortable. The servant informed him that his luggage had been despatched by a carrier, and that the papers and money he required were deposited in his attendant's saddle-bags. On reaching the hall-door, he found his horses waiting; the new groom smiled at his abstraction as he held the stirrup, but his master was too busily occupied in gazing on the window of Emily's chamber to observe it. For an instant the curtains were unclosed—a form appeared, but for a moment—a hand waved its mute adieu, and the curtains resumed their place. The servant at the moment loosed the impatient horse, and the traveller found himself unwillingly carried away from his mistress and his home.

Lovers on the road are not sparers of horse-flesh; and contrary to the established habit of experienced horsemen, having a long way to accomplish, Henry adopted a pace rarely used, except by people seeking a Doctor, or avoiding a Sheriff. His attendant, however, did not approve of this precipitate mode of travelling,



and after cantering a couple of miles, he rode up alongside of his master—

“ We ride very fast, Sir.”

“ So much the better,” replied the traveller.

“ We'll kill the horses,” said the lacquey.

“ And, pray what the devil's that to you?” rejoined the master.

“ I'll be hanged if I ride at this rate,” said the groom.

“ What, you wont—Merciful powers! why, Lord Edward!”—and both laughed heartily. Fitzstephen was in complete disguise; his frock, laced hat, leathers, and boots were clean and tidy; with reverend care his master's cloak was buckled round his waist, and saddle-bags strapped behind, completed the costume of a smart equerry.

Night came on, as the travellers rode through the village of Swords, seven miles from the Metropolis. A horseman joined them as they left the town, and with the freedom granted by the rules of wayfaring, entered into conversation—

“ A fine night, Gentlemen,” [Lord Edward,

after clearing the village, had ridden alongside O'Hara]—"and a pleasant day for spring work."

O'Hara made a general reply; and the traveller continued—"I have been as far as Drogheda, and thought to have been home with light, for these are no times to be late upon the road, but it failed me, and right glad I was to see an Officer, (for I knew you by the cloak to be a Dragoon,) and I'll make bold, as a loyal man, and true yeoman, to ask leave to keep company till we reach the city?"

Henry was at a loss what to answer, when Fitzstephen, in French, told him to encourage the mistake, and, if asked for his regiment, to say he belonged to the Legion.

"Ah," said the loyalist, "let Tom Twist alone," and he laughed at his own sharpness. "I never made a wrong guess in my life—how do you think I knew you? There I'll tell you, I looked at your cloak, and the devil an Irish tailor, says I, ever stuck a needle in it; it's the very ditto of Major—oh—Major—Lord! but these Jarman names are hard to get one's tongue about—"

“ Koffman,” said Lord Edward, who had been intimate with the Hompeschers.

“ The same, by jing. I made one for Alderman Doolittle, our Captain, by the pattern he borrowed from the Major; and should be most happy, noble Captain, to serve you, should you require any thing in my way.”

“ A tailor, I presume,” said Henry.

“ And ladies' habit-maker,” said Twist. “ I work for the Rotunda Cavalry; and though I say it, they are the best dressed troop in the city. But, Captain, may I crave the honour of your name?”

“ Klopperchausen,” said Henry, without hesitation.

“ Well, Captain Clipper Castle, you, may be, did not hear the news. I saw the Gazette of last night, and, Lord, it was enough to frighten one out of their life—there was an account of the conspiracy discovered to kill the Chancellor, and poison the Lord Mayor, and run away with the House of Commons; and then that desperate villain, Lord Edward Fitzstephen, at the bottom of all—he's the Devil! Christ pardon us!”

Here the groom jogged Captain Klopperchausen. "But," continued the tailor, "he'll be taken—there's a reward of one thousand pounds offered."

"What!" cried the supposed German, "one thousand pounds; why that's a serious sum."

"Oh! the government are determined, and have him they will; they say he's either in the north or skulking about Dublin—we are all upon the look-out, and Captain Clipper Kitchen, if we had him by the collar—"

"If we had, we would hold him fast," said the Captain.

"But isn't it wonderful what dacent English you speak—we have a trumpeter, a Hessian, called Tronch, and devil a word we can tell of what he says, more than if he was a Frenchman."

"Just the case with my servant—I say, Skoffilbrutzer, do you know Mr. Tronch, the trumpeter?"

Lord Edward denied all knowledge of Mr. Tronch in execrable English. "Ah," cried the tailor, "I would swear they were brothers."

"Educated in England by my aunt," said the communicative Captain; "I speak English

tolerably ; but whenever I wish to ask Skoffilbrutzer questions, I speak to him in German."

The party proceeded thus until they arrived within a mile of the metropolis. Lord Edward communicating in French the questions he wished to get the rotunda trooper to answer. The intelligence he received was of much importance—he was undoubtedly betrayed to the government—his being expected in the city, and the immense reward offered for his apprehension, were conclusive on the subject. The loyal tailor had unintentionally put him on his guard, and he decided on the course to be followed.

The travellers had almost reached Dromcondra Bridge, when the movement of a mounted patrol was heard. "By Jove," said Twist, "if it's regulars, they'll be for asking the countersign, and sending us in under a guard."

"Do you not know it?"

"God sees, I have forgot it," said the acute habit-maker.

The picket had now approached close, when the yeoman called out, "It's all right by jing—it's the Rotundas—I would know the braiding

of their jackets at a mile's distance." The "Who goes there?" was flippantly answered with "Me, Tom Twist."

"Ah, Tam, how did all go with ye," said the lieutenant.

"Middling only; I got a little money and fair promises."

"But who's with ye, Tam?"

"Ah! real boys!—brave Germans—What's the countersign, Tam."

"Carhampton," said the lieutenant, taking out a flask, and tendering it to the tailor, who took a hearty pull, and then wiping the bottle, handed it to his fellow-travellers; "here, Captain Clipper Clapper, or—but drink, and hand it to the other foreigner. Here's success to King George, and confusion to Lord Edward."

"By the by, what news?"

"Nothing," said the lieutenant, "but that Lord Edward is known to be on his road to Dublin. Here, young man, we soldiers are not fond of caramony—take a pull—"

The servant of Clapperchausen, alias Clappercastle, alias Clipperkitchen, elevated the presented flask, and having made a suitable

return, in a speech composed of one quarter bad English and three-fourths worse German, the patrol took leave of the travellers, and the trio rode towards the city. Fortunately for the pseudo Germans, the worthy tailor's residence lay on the northern side of Dublin, and in Capel-street he bade farewell to his foreign friends. Fitzstephen directed their route by the quays to the Liberty, and on reaching Bridge-street, pulled up his horse before a door, and rang the bell; it was opened by a servant. "Is Mr. B— at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him John Murray from Cookstown is arrived."

In a few moments, the man requested them to alight, and taking their horses, led them off to the stable.

The house before which they stopped was one belonging to a man in business. The outside was respectable, but the iron-barred windows and lettered board above them, announced the establishment of a trader. With a familiarity unaccountable to his young companion, his conductor led the way through a long and

dusky passage, and ascending a staircase, opened a door, and entered a room where several ladies were assembled round a tea-table. They stared at the strange servant, and the elder lady, snatching up a candle, advanced to examine his face. A half-uttered exclamation of wonder attested her surprise; she replaced the candle, and spoke to the others, who immediately rose and left the apartment. Watching the closing of the door, and when assured she was alone with the travellers, her surprise burst out in questions.

“ Mercy on me, my dear Lord, when—how—whence did you come? Have you heard the news? Have you seen the proclamation? Have you seen—”

“ Every thing, madam; I am in possession of all you allude to. The castle gentry have quite overvalued me. What, offer but fifty pounds for a dashing highwayman, and one thousand pounds for a paltry fellow like me. What suppose we take them at their word?”

“ God of Heaven forbid, dear Lord Edward.”

“ Why, faith, I should be afraid they would



not pay honestly, for a more notorious crew of rogues and shufflers never lived."

"But you require refreshment, and Mr. —— is sent for. He had fortunately expected Murray of Cookstown, and it was lucky you were not detained in the street. Ah, my dear Lord, even in a lacquey's livery the patriot and soldier is discernible; you must not trust to that disguise—but I hear Mr. ——'s step, and supper will be served in the next room; it is a more private apartment than the one we occupy."

Mr. —— welcomed Lord Edward warmly, and on being presented to his companion, expressed great pleasure in seeing the son of the brave Major. Supper was served, and soon after the meal ended, the strangers were conducted to their chambers, and the host retired for the night.

## CHAPTER III.

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Three things a wise man will not trust—  
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,  
And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld  
The weathercock upon the steeple point  
Steady from morn till eve ; and I have seen  
The bees go forth upon an April morn,  
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers :  
But when was woman true ?

*Southey.*

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WHEN Henry awoke in the morning, he found the Citizen's family all in motion. The long ride of yesterday had made him a sound sleeper, and Mr. B—— and his lady were awaiting his appearance at the breakfast table. Lord Edward was not there ; and his host acquainted him in a cautious whisper, that he had taken advantage of the night to remove his noble friend to a place of more security than the house of a man in business afforded. O'Hara was hospitably pressed to make this his home

during his sojourn in the Metropolis; but pleading the necessity of being lodged nearer to his Law-Agent, he took leave of Mr. B.

A note from Lord Edward briefly explained the cause of his unceremonious departure on the preceding night, and stated, that owing to the extraordinary anxiety of the Government to get him in their power, the closest concealment would be unavoidable on his part, and, therefore, that Henry and he could *meet* but seldom; when they could, however, with mutual safety, he assured him no opportunity would be passed.

O'Hara took up his residence in a quiet hotel in one of the small streets which branch from College Green; and having waited on his lawyer, communicated their conference to his father. Much delay must necessarily occur in preparing, comparing, swearing, and all the other *ings* in which Attornies take delight; and he endeavoured to make up his mind to submit to the tedious proceedings of a Court of Law.

In riding in the Phoenix Park, consulting Lawyers, and visiting his few acquaintances, ten days had elapsed, and he already looked

forward with impatience to his departure from the city, when a letter from home communicated an event which rendered an immediate return impossible. It brought the unwelcome news of the London banking-house of Revell, Weeks, and Revell, having suspended payment. Henry was well aware that his father had several thousand pounds in their hands, and his instantly setting out for London formed the principal subject of the letter. The postscript surprised him not a little; it ran thus—"I had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. M'Culloch astonished us with a visit to Castle Carra, but do not suppose this honour was intended for me, he only inquired for Lady Sarah, and actually had an hour's tête-à-tête with her. There is something very extraordinary in this. Is he a suitor for the Dowager's hand? or does he sigh for the peerless daughter? Whatever his business was, Lady Sarah has since continued thoughtful and mysterious. But the wonder has not ceased—M'Culloch escorted her through Newbridge yesterday, when shopping, and had afterwards an additional half hour's conversation at the inn. This I learned

from William's having complained that his horses caught cold by standing in the streets."

Chagrined at the unexpected prolongation of his journey, but aware of the necessity of despatch, Henry prepared for his departure. He wrote to his father, stating his engagements with Miss De Clifford, and soliciting his approval of his choice. This done, he applied for the customary passports, without which no person then was permitted to leave the kingdom, and having obtained these credentials, he embarked in the Holyhead packet.

Among the vaunted improvements of these our times, nothing will probably appear more remarkable than the increased facility of communicating with the neighbouring islands. To reach London in my younger days, was usually a week's work; and, if it pleased Providence to give us blowing weather and easterly winds, this week was not unfrequently extended to a fortnight. I well remember my first visit to the great city; I embarked at Warrenpoint for Liverpool, and never did man get more sailing at small expense, than I. We had one day contrary winds, and on the next no wind at all;

a breeze sprang up, and we sprang a leak, and our threadworn canvass and rotten ropes were eternally splitting and splicing. We visited, in the course of our peregrinations, the Isle of Man, passed a couple of days in Holyhead, made a morning call at Beaumaris, and arrived, half-starved, at Liverpool, on the tenth blessed morning *successfully*, as our drunken Captain called it, and which he modestly attributed to God's goodness and his own superior seamanship. O'Hara, however, was more lucky in his navigation, for after two days' and nights' stout sailing, he found himself safely stowed in the Holyhead mail, and reached his destination without accident.

A sudden and severe run upon the firm of Revell and Co. had occasioned a temporary suspension of their payments; but before O'Hara reached London, every demand upon their house had been honourably discharged, and their solvency re-established. A very few days were sufficient for Henry to arrange his business, and having engaged a place in the morning coach, he sat down to dinner at the Salopian Coffee-house. He had just concluded

his solitary meal, when the waiter presented him with a packet. The superscription was the well-known writing of his father. In great agitation he broke the seal. On the contents depended much of his happiness, for it contained the sentiments of the parent to whom, with submissive affection, he had deferred through life, upon a subject in which his every hope was centred. He trembled as he broke open the envelope—it covered a second letter, which one glance discovered to be addressed to him by Lady Sarah De Clifford; his eye glanced rapidly over his father's.

*“ Castle Carra, April, 1798.*

“ MY DEAR HENRY,

“ Your letter of the —, I duly received; and, as your communication was one of deep importance to your future happiness, believe me I gave it my most serious consideration; the result of an anxious day and sleepless night was unfavourable to your wishes. I conceived that you had not sufficient experience of the temper, character, and dispositions of the woman you had selected, to warrant your en-

tering upon that the most important engagement of human life—one in which all that appertains to mortal happiness is involved. I had just concluded a letter, praying you, with a fond father's love, to pause before the choice of the partner of your future life should be concluded; you know me too well to suppose that I would throw any unnecessary obstacle in the way, or delay the completion of your wishes for a moment. All I entreated was, that you should well ascertain your chance of happiness to be reasonable (for, alas! none may reckon on certain or permanent bliss being attainable in this life), before you made that solemn engagement which only ceases with existence. Thus had I written, when an event occurred which rendered it unnecessary for me to forward my sentiments, and which the enclosed letter will best explain. His own good sense will guide my dear boy in this extraordinary and delicate affair; indeed, there is, in my opinion, but one course to be pursued by a man of feeling and honour, and this I know you will adopt." (Some general observations followed.) "The only public news here is unpleasant. Your



friend Mr. B. and a number of gentlemen, some of whom are known to you, were arrested in Dublin, on Friday night, by the Government, and great fears are entertained for their ultimate safety. God direct that affairs may take a speedy turn for the better, and the lives and liberties of those valuable citizens be secured."

Henry had finished reading his father's letter some time, and still Lady Sarah's lay unopened on the table. As he filled a glass of wine, his hand shook violently; ashamed of his timidity, he gradually mustered a kind of desperate composure, and yet breaking the seal with a violence which betrayed the agitation of his mind, he perused the strange epistle. It was a matchless production of its kind. It commenced with polite and florid acknowledgments of the many obligations conferred upon the De. Cliffords by their kind friends. Major O'Hara's parental tenderness to her dear Emily could never be forgotten, and she (Lady Sarah) had found a more than brother's affection in the care with which he had watched her widowed interests. She had been thrown helplessly on

the world; she had lost an adored and adoring husband; but, amid her desolation and distress, she had sought sympathy in friendship, and she had found it. She then proceeded—

“ Amidst all this wretchedness and destitution with which it had pleased Providence to afflict me, one tie bound me to the world; and hoping to assist in settling my orphan daughter in life, I endeavoured to bear up, for her sake, against the misfortunes which had assailed me, and the struggle was successful. Judge then, my dear friend, with what feelings of delight I saw the prospect of a splendid establishment for my child unexpectedly open—Mr. M'Culloch has honoured her with his preference, and come forward in the handsomest manner, and with a liberality almost unprecedented, made overtures which no parent could decline. In communicating to my daughter those generous proposals, and stating my sentiments to her on the eligibility of the connexion offered for her approval, for *the first time* I learned that my dear young friend had honoured Emily with *some trifling attentions*. This my artless girl now communicated; and, although obedient to

her parent's wishes she would in this, as in every act of her spotless life, be guided wholly by my advice, she feels so sensibly your and your excellent father's affectionate kindness, that without your concurrence she would hesitate to form any engagement, no matter how advantageous it might be." The epistle proceeded, after much froth and round-about writing, to hint that Major O'Hara would be inimical to a union between him and her daughter; and, that as matrimonial overtures so eligible as those of M<sup>r</sup> Cullogh would not be likely to be made again, the interests of *all parties* required that they should be accepted. The letter thus concluded—"In writing my sentiments so *fully and freely*, I know that I communicate with *a dear friend* and a man of approved honour; the slight *penchant* existing hitherto between him and Miss De C. being unknown, excepting to the parties and their nearest relatives, might and *should* be concealed from a *ensorious world*; and, in requesting that this shall be the case, I trust I do not solicit too much from my valued friend. May I assure you, that I never can forget how much

I am indebted to the kind family of Castle Carra, for the generous protection they have extended to me, and that my beloved Emily unites sincerely in those sentiments of gratitude; and she entreats me further to say, that in after life your disinterested and *brotherly affection* shall be held in cherished remembrance. Hoping the honour of a speedy answer, believe me,

My dear Mr. O'Hara,  
Your faithful, obliged friend,  
SARAH DE CLIFFORD."

To picture Henry's feelings, when he read this curious production, would be impossible. In bitter agony he gazed upon the letter which contained the ruin of his hopes, when a heavy sigh having attracted the attention of a party who occupied a distant table, and fearing his agitation might be remarked by the strangers, he hastily wrapped the letters in their cover, and prepared to leave the room.

The Salopian Coffee-house was then fashionably frequented, and, on this eventful evening, four exquisites, whose uniforms announced

them to be Guardsmen, were seated in the same apartment where O'Hara sat over his cheerless wine. They appeared not to notice his presence, and with the carelessness of high life and tonish indifference, spoke freely of persons and events. For some time the conversation was desultory and uninteresting—it was the common-place record of fashionable movements and manners; Lady Vane's rout, Mrs. Slip's elopement, Sir Henry being *dished*, and Sir Hugh being *done*, formed the detail. In turn, politics and Ireland occupied them, and they talked of rebels, regiments, and reviews in the same breath. O'Hara had been too deeply absorbed in his own melancholy musing to listen to the passing chit-chat. At length his attention was forcibly awakened by one of the Guardsmen—

“By the way,” said the soldier, “I had a devilish droll letter from Piggott; he has got on General Lake's staff, and has been down in the North of Ireland hanging a few Republicans. He mentions our old friend Lady Sarah, who is cutting a shine in some place with a cursed out of the way name.” [Henry's ears

tingled, and the glass he had raised to his lip remained untasted.] “He saw her by accident as he was starting from the inn door; she was driving a devilish sporting-looking carriage; but she cut him in her best style. By Jove, I don't wonder at it; Tom knew her too well to make a recognition agreeable.”

“Oh! hang the harridan,” drawled the second. “What the deuce can she be doing? Is she fomenting rebellion, and waiting in hopes of plunder? Can there be any body there to pigeon?”

“Can't tell,” replied the first speaker. “Suppose she's in keeping.”

“I should like to know,” said another, “what Emy's about? Wonder is she come-at-able yet?”

“Oh! light is the heart ever jocund and gay,  
If for whiskey your pocket has money to pay;”

sung a deep full voice, in the lobby.

“O'Kelly, by George,” said the first, as the door opened, and the singer advanced up the room, still continuing his ditty—

“If you're e'er melancholy, and cannot tell why,  
It will lighten your heart, though it deaden your eye.”

Had the song and name of the new comer been insufficient to mark his country, his appearance would have put all controversy at an end, as to his being a genuine native of the "Emerald Isle." His height was above six feet, his shoulders square, his face round and comely, while his laughing light blue eye, firm step, and assured manner, bespoke the prototype of the celebrated "Captain Carey," who has since been immortalized by Webb and Jack Johnstone.

"What kept you, Pat?" was the general inquiry.

"Could'nt come sooner," replied Captain O'Kelly. "Coming through St. James's-street, saw Hoby in the shop, and thought it a good opportunity of giving him further instructions in book-keeping, and accordingly ordered a fresh supply. Rather thirsty, pass the claret."

"Whom do you think, Pat, we have just heard from?"

"Your tailors, I suppose."

"Cursé mine, I had a call from one of the imps this morning, and, therefore, do not

expect to be haunted so soon by the master-demon."

"Where do you imagine your dear De Clifford is?"

"New Holland, I hope."

"No, faith, safe in your own sweet country, Pat, my jewel."

"Devil be her welcome there, as they say in Carlow. And is Emy with her?"

"I suppose so," said the first, "and ready to enter into hymeneals, and become Mrs. O'Kelly."

"Easy, hony; whatever she may do with greenhorns like you, be assured Pat O'Kelly will never blunder upon a wife who has been pawed by every puppy in the Blues. 'Tis a pity, faith; she's a lovely girl, and her father was a noble fellow, but that swindling mother would spoil an angel. But," and he lowered his voice to a whisper, "that good-looking fellow in the corner is listening with marked attention. I wish," he continued aloud, "I knew some person going to Ireland—I want to send over a damned parchment that my brother must bother me to sign."



“ We shall be late at the theatre,” said one of the party ; “ let us be off.”

“ Always finish your bottle,” said O’Kelly, filling a huge bumper, which he drank off, and all rose from the table.

To describe O’Hara’s agony as he listened to the late conversation would be impossible. His mistress a flirt—her mother a swindler ! The bustle of the Guardsmen leaving the room startled him, when O’Kelly suddenly returned from the door, having forgotten his snuff-box on the table. Henry mastered his agitation, and rising from his chair advanced to his countryman, who was a second time retiring—

“ Pardon me, Captain O’Kelly ; hearing you, accidentally, express a wish of having something conveyed to Ireland, I beg to say that I leave town in the morning coach for the Head, and shall most cheerfully take charge of any thing you may please to have forwarded. I stop here ;” and he presented his card.

The Captain returned his thanks, politely accepting his offered services, and wishing him a pleasant journey, was about to leave the room.

“ One word, if you please, Captain O’Kelly.

Forgive the apparent rudeness of a stranger—you just now spoke of persons for whom I am much interested—you mentioned Lady Sarah De Clifford and her daughter. May I ask you, if the insinuations of the young gentlemen were strictly true?"

O'Kelly drew himself up to his full height, looked first at the speaker, then inspected his card. "Really, Mr. O'Hara, you put a question to me that, in the true Irish way, I must answer by asking another. May I inquire what may be the interest you take in this conversation, which certainly was not intended to be overheard?"

"Simply this, Sir," said O'Hara, "my father and the husband of Lady Sarah were very dear friends, and naturally, I feel a lively interest in any thing in which his relict and her daughter were concerned."

"They are in Ireland at present," said the Captain.

"And staying at my father's house."

"Pshew!" whistled the Guardsman, "I see how matters stand. Mr. O'Hara, I knew her father well, and I loved him—he was brave,

honourable, and generous ; and I would not, by word or deed, injure those whom he has left behind. Had I known the remarks we so incautiously made were overheard or noticed, I should have been more guarded ; however, what I have spoken must and need not be retracted. Lady Sarah was a heartless, worthless woman ; her house was ever open to gamblers, adventurers, and dupes ; and the smiles of her beautiful daughter, I regret to say, were often made accessory to the ruin of many an inexperienced votary of play ! Under the tutelage of such a parent, could the child be spotless ? I am no moralist, young gentleman ; but a close acquaintance with the gaming-table seldom improves the principles of either male or female."

"What the devil keeps you ? Are you preaching, Pat ?" cried one of the young Guardsmen, putting his head inside the door. "Jarvie says he could more readily collect a stage-coach company than two Irishmen."

"Adieu, Mr. O'Hara," said Capt. O'Kelly ; "I wish you a pleasant passage," he said, and left the room.

“ Gracious God! Was this the woman I selected for my wife? Was she the person on whom my every hope of happiness was centred? A practised flirt—an accessory to a gambling mother—the companion of knaves—the abettor of swindlers. Fool! fool!” (He pressed his throbbing temples.) “ Alice! true was thy prophecy. But come, once more I shall read the missive of my desertion—again con the billet that tells the silly, love-sick boy, he shall not have his plaything;” and he laughed with sarcastic bitterness. “ So we did confer kindnesses on her; wonderful stretch of memory! She only lived for her daughter’s sake! Tender creature! And so her ‘artless girl’ acquainted her that I had shown some *trifling attentions*; and, in consequence, ‘her dear Emily’ almost hesitated to jilt me! And the business should be concealed from the wicked world! Oh! certainly. And she’ll remember our past civilities; and her ‘beloved Emily’ is just as sincere in gratitude as her worthy mamma! And a speedy answer is requested, that my victorious competitor for the ‘artless girl’ may not be kept in unnecessary suspense! Well, she shall have

it." In a few moments he had scrawled what follows:—

“ *Salopian, Friday Evening,*  
“ *April, 1798.*

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ I have just received a letter of the — April, which you did me the honour to address me. I am convinced that the connexion contemplated by your Ladyship for Miss De Clifford, and approved of by herself, must be in every respect desirable. Feeling sensibly your polite attention in this early intimation of the late arrangements, I write to acknowledge the honour of your letter, and convey to Miss Emily *my full approbation*. With all the usual congratulations on the approaching event, I have the honour to be

“ Your Ladyship's

“ Very faithful obedient Servant,

“ HENRY O'HARA.”

The energy with which he wrote the required letter ceased with its completion, and deep despondency returned. His face rested on the

table, and tears fell fast upon it. At last, ashamed of his weakness, he sprang up, and his late mood of torpid sadness gave way to rage and resentment. "Perish every recollection of my folly!" cried he, fiercely tearing away a miniature which was suspended from his neck, and dashing it against the fire-place. It struck violently against the fender, and rolled back to his feet. "Nay, it may serve to flatter some other dupe, and she shall have it;" he bitterly added, as he picked it from the carpet, and gazed on it with an indescribable look.—"Beautiful indeed! Such," said he, "are the features—there is the eye that fascinated me—there is the lip I madly pressed to mine, and there the bosom, which I believed had never throbb'd for another. Oh! woman—woman! Many has that soft eye lighted to ruin—many have sighed upon that rosy lip. Offspring of artifice, false and worthless as thou art, thus perish every memorial of thee!" He rushed to the fire-place, threw the picture in the flames, and with a dark smile, gazed on the blackening trinket as its enamel crackled in the glowing embers. Long after every vestige of

the likeness of her he once so fondly loved had disappeared, his eye rested on the spot:—the opening door at length aroused him, and hastily taking his hat, without any determinate object in view, he found himself traversing the streets.

He had wandered thus for two hours—ten o'clock struck, and he turned his steps homewards. Crowds still moved in various directions, influenced by different motives, and agitated by different feelings; some with gay dresses and gayer hearts, were hurrying to scenes of festivity, humming a popular tune as they passed along. Here the pilferer by profession roamed under the concealment of the darkness; while the courtesan, with misery in her heart and laughter on her lip—her slight garments ill calculated to protect her from the cold, shivered as she smiled on every well-dressed pedestrian. The police-man was watching the pickpocket, and the pickpocket was watching the passenger. Now and then some M. D., startled from the whist-table, rumbled by in a hackney-coach, ruminating on the patient's case or the profit of the visit. Some were happy—others not; but none felt

the agony of the wanderer. Reckless of all around him, he strode at random through the streets, and although an object of curiosity to all, none could excite his attention for an instant. The marauders, deterred by his powerful and athletic figure, forbore to jostle him—the Cyprian complimented his handsome face in vain—and the guardian of the night stepped respectfully aside to allow the stranger room to pass him. He had nearly reached his hotel, when a band of Bacchanalians sallied from a neighbouring coffee-house; and either for the purpose of mutual support, or through insolence to those walking in the streets, they linked themselves together, and blocking up the footway, pushed rudely against those they met with. O'Hara was passing in mental abstraction, when he felt himself thrown violently from the curb-stone. In return, a blow from his powerful arm prostrated the man next him, and an assault was made on him by the whole party; but, finding themselves firmly opposed, they discovered they had made an injudicious selection. They called the watch—the mob joined the stranger—and an imme-



diate battle was the consequence. To describe it particularly, we must state, with regret, our total inability, and we lament that Pierce Egan, or some other historiographer of the Fancy, was not present to immortalize it. We shall only say that numerous *corks were drawn* on the occasion—*claret* was as plenty as ditch-water—*facers right and left* were going as thick as hops—many a *Charley* kissed his mother earth, and many a *sporting cove* went down like *a bag of saw-dust*. Victory was long doubtful, till the watchmen swarmed from the neighbouring *beats*, and the mob, alarmed by their numbers, gradually gave way and fled. Some Irishmen from St. Giles's, headed by O'Hara, still offered a desperate resistance, until a blow on the head having prostrated their leader, the battle terminated, after a furious struggle, in the capture of the whole. This was, however, not achieved without a profusion of blood and battery, which the appearance of the combatants attested when they appeared at the office of justice.

In a few minutes the prisoners were introduced to the bar, where Alderman S—— pre-

sided. The prosecutors soon after appeared, and entering one after another, were recognised with great astonishment by the magistrate. "Ah, my Lord Haughton! Sir John! Colonel Morris! Captain Fribble! Is it possible? Good God! your Lordship has had your eye blackened—water and a towel for the Colonel. Why what has been the matter?—an assault, no doubt; but I'll make an example of them. Pray, will your Lordship please to state your complaint?" A charge of wanton and aggravated assault was here unblushingly given in by the Peer, and his companions re-echoed the same. The Alderman turned wrathfully to the prisoners.

"Pray, sir, you well-dressed fellow, who may you be?"

"An Irishman."

"Umph! a highwayman then I presume?"

"Then is your presumption false and insolent," was the reply. The justice seemed electrified, and grew pale with rage.

"Do you know me, you rascal?"

"Better, it would seem, than you appear to know *me*," was coolly answered.

“ Here, constable, take him to the Compter; remand him for further examination, and possibly in a day or two he'll answer a question more civilly.”

“ He was the person who blackened my eye,” said the Peer.

“ Oh! quite enough, my lord,” returned the Justice, as he continued the investigation.

“ I say, you fellow, where are you from?”

“ Plase your highness, I'm fram Tipprary.”

“ Tipperary! a sweet civilized spot—I don't doubt it. Can you give any account of yourself, you rascal?”

“ Agh! it's I that can, my lard. My father was born within a mile of Clonmel, but my mother was from the county Galway side; may be ye were niver in Banagher?”

“ What the devil do I care about Banagher,” said the magistrate; “ put that fellow in the black-hole till morning.”

“ That gentleman was the person who loosened my teeth,” observed the Colonel, rincing his mouth.

“ Where are you from, you villain?” said the Justice to the next of the *détenues*.

“ Plase your honour, I’m from the north—”

“ Of Scotland or Germany ?”

“ Nay feth,” rejoined the culprit, flippantly,  
“ I’m fram a batther place nor ether ; I’m fram  
the north of Irelan.”

“ Away with him to his Tipperary acquaint-  
ance,” said the magistrate.

“ I beg,” said Captain Fribble, “ to place  
a broken rib to the northern gentleman’s ac-  
count.”

“ Feth an welcome, honey,” replied the pri-  
soner, looking back as he was led off in durance.

“ And who are the rest of you ?” asked the  
Justice.

“ Poor Munster men—the Lord look down  
upon us,” answered the spokesman of the group.

“ What have you to say for yourselves, thus  
breaking the peace, and disturbing the city ?”

“ Is it me disturb a city ? Trath *a vourneen*  
I would not disturb a dog, let alone a man ; but  
as I was going quietly home, I saw them all  
fighten thro’ other. Arrah ! what de yees  
mane, says I, comin up fair an aisy. Phil  
Flannigan, says I—he’s from Crossmolina, and,  
my lard, them Connaught men was always bad

members. Phil Flannigan, says I, ye were always a good warrant to rise a fight—arrah! de ye think it's the pattern of Ball you're at, or the fair of Dunomona; and Sir John there was squarin behind a watchman, and when I knocked the watchman down by chance, I hit Sir John (God bless him) by mistake, and something tript him, I suppose, for he fell some way or other."

"Away with them all," cried the magistrate, interrupting the speaker; "had I known they had been Irishmen, I would not have asked a second question—they are all rogues and rebels. Come, my lord, I will avail myself of your invitation."

After this commendatory notice of Ireland, the Justice prepared to accompany the plaintiffs to the coffee-house, which they in an unlucky hour had quitted.

The commanding figure of the chief prisoner, joined to his bold and manly bearing in the presence of the magistrate, had raised him not a little in the good opinion of the officers commissioned to lodge him in the Compter, and they readily acceded to his wish of proceeding

thither in a carriage. While awaiting the arrival of the vehicle in the lower hall, the melancholy group of Hibernians issued forth, vigilantly guarded.

“ Safe home to your noble honour,” said the Tipperary man ; “ it’s you that is cliver.”

“ Amen, pray God !” ejaculated the rest of the belligerents.

O’Hara put a couple of guineas in the hand of the speaker, and requested him to entertain his companions in affliction. A louder blessing burst from the whole group, while one of them whispered softly in his ear, that “ as the place was narra, af his honour liked, tho’ them pullice, divil’s luck to them ! were two to one, they would engage to compis a rescue.” This O’Hara peremptorily refused. “ Its all one,” said the Irishman, pressing the point, “ as we’re in for the night—sure, we may try it at all evints, for we’re not worth keepin in, and they’ll turn us out in the mornin.” Henry, however, recommended peaceable demeanour so warmly, that they promised to be quiet, and went off in great good-humour to the watch-house, which was to furnish their night’s lodging.

The carriage was announced, and the prisoner's foot on the step, when some gentlemen stopped to inquire of the mob the history of the riot. Fortunately for O'Hara, they were the guardsmen returning from the theatre, and O'Kelly immediately acknowledged his countryman.

“ Mr. O'Hara, has any thing unpleasant occurred? or are you what the Fancy call *in trouble after a spree*. What is the matter, and can I be serviceable?”

“ Really, Captain, I have been unfortunately engaged in a street-row, and can hardly blame myself, as I was wantonly attacked, and we Milesians are gifted with passions of fervid temperature.”

“ Pshaw, is this all—we'll soon settle matters.”

“ Not, probably, so easy,” said one of the police. “ Lord Haughton and Colonel Morris have been much beaten.”

“ And I am sure they deserved it. Pray stay a few moments, and let me see the constable; I will be the gentleman's security for appearance to-morrow.”

“ The magistrate is there,” said the runner ; “ he was detained late, and examined the case himself. The gentlemen and my Lord are with him.”

“ So much the better,” replied Captain O’Kelly. “ This way, Mr. O’Hara,” and Henry, following the guardsman, re-entered the presence-chamber.

The Captain seemed to be intimately acquainted with the magistrate and complainants.

“ Ha, Haughton!—what did you do to disoblige your old friend the devil, that he left you in the lurch to-night? Why your ogle’s *bunged up*, and Fribble looks as if his *conck* had suffered.”

“ Egad,” lisped his Lordship, “ we have been in the hands of the Philistines, but it’s some comfort to know the chief of banditti is safe in the Compter.”

“ Zounds! are you mad?—send him to the watch-house—there’s treatment for a gentleman, who proposes to honour you all with a field-day to-morrow.”

“ Gentleman! do you know him, O’Kelly?”



“ Who does not know O'Hara of Balnahagarty—sure he is son of old Tear-away.”

“ Old Tear-away, of Bala—”

“ Pshaw ! it's the name they are best known by in Ireland. His father killed a man last Loughrea Races. That would not be remarkable in that family, but that it happened the same week that his son shot Lord Listless at a Galway ball, for not jumping with sufficient alacrity from his chair to accommodate his partner. It was a pity of the poor Peer, for he was sound asleep at the time.”

“ Deuce take the whole set,” said Captain Fribble ; “ and, upon honour, to judge from to-night's performance, the young gentleman appears to be a worthy scion of the 'Tear-away stock.”

Henry was not too far off to prevent him from hearing the very respectable parentage given him by the gallant Captain. It seemed, however, to have due effect with the prosecutors ; for, at their urgent solicitation, the magistrate consented to discharge the prisoner.

As they went down stairs, O'Kelly whispered, “ I fear, unintentionally, I gave you pain

this evening ; but when asked as to the truth of certain assertions, I could not but confirm them. I trust that in the present instance I have, in a slight degree, been useful, and this shall be a set-off against the other ; and you know it is necessary for us Irishmen to balance our blunders. Come along, lads—Mr. O'Hara's Jarvie stops the way, and now for supper and the Salopian ;” and instead of being set down at the Compter, Henry found himself in a few minutes in his own hotel, surrounded by his new allies.

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## CHAPTER IV.

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Make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*Henry IV.*

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MORNING was far advanced when the party at the Salopian separated. O'Hara endeavoured to forget his unworthy love in the dissipation of a protracted debauch; and O'Kelly and the Guardsmen considered any apology unnecessary for putting in a jolly night. With heavy heart and aching head, Henry was called to the coach which was to convey him to his cheerless home. The vehicle was crowded; and, as the day was dull and rainy, our traveller resigned his inside place to a young female, whom either want of room or money would otherwise have obliged to mount the roof. The company aloft was just as numerous as the superficies of the coach would allow, and O'Hara, after much

exertion, found himself jammed in between two huge trunks—a man in a fashionable surtout just before, and a sailor “fast astern.” The box, that seat of honour and source of many a dispute, was filled by a gay Oxonian; behind sat a dashing Cyprian, protected by a gallant Cantab; while the back of the concern was peopled by some three or four of what the man of Oxford termed “*profanum vulgus*,” and he of Cambridge “*raff*.” With a full proportion of trunks, bags, and boxes, “*The Speed and Safety*” (sad misnomers) started.

Four long miles Henry was permitted to amuse himself with his own reflections. Cambridge, Oxford, Coachee, and the Cyprian formed a “*partie quarrée*,” and confined their conversation to themselves. The man in the fashionable coat seemed absorbed in the preservation of his *toggery*; and the Sailor busied himself in chaunting a song which contained verses of interminable number, with a growling burden of “Yo, heave O!” At last the exquisite broke on his silent companion with—  
“For Ireland, Sir?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“ Dublin, Sir ?”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Direct ?”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Very happy to hear it—going myself—no man fonder of a travelling friend, Sir. Horrible country that Ireland ; nothing but great offers could induce me. Household troops expect to go—some comfort that ; but professional men must submit.”

“ Attached to the service, I presume,” said O'Hara, thinking it necessary to say something.

“ Why not exactly,” replied the traveller with a simper ; “ merely going from the principal establishment in Bond-street to our branch house in Dublin.”

“ Oh ! you are in trade ?”

“ Yes ; think I have a card—here it is.”

“ Sharp and Singleton, merchant tailors, 21, Bond-street, and 15, Dame-street, Dublin.”

“ Why then allow me to say, you belong to the most impudent firm I ever honoured with an order. I called lately to desire something to be made, and after being kept waiting in the shop I know not how long, a scoundrel came

down in full dress, muttering something about ladies and the play, and concluding with telling me, ' he never did any thing professional after dinner.' ”

“ Ah ! poor Skrimp—just his manner—a man of transcendant talent—first of his profession ; but claret, hell, and the women *undone* him.”

“ Claret, hell, and the women ! ” ejaculated O Hara.

“ Yes, poor fellow, they were his hobbies, and hence his recent misfortunes. He was unfortunately induced to break through his determination of being private after dinner, by Lady Jane Sommerton calling to be measured for a habit. What will not beauty do? Rule and respectability were alike forgotten, and he condescended to oblige her Ladyship. The consequences were fatal. Two bottles of claret and devotion for the fair, induced him to pay some little attentions to the lovely peeress, who resisting a gentle pressure of the hand, and assurance of eternal adoration, had him kicked by the footman ; and, in short, her relatives made such a racket about the trifle, that Sharp

and Singleton were obliged to recal him to London, and I, his unworthy representative, am going to take his place. But, diable! how dark the weather looks; my hat will be utterly destroyed."

"Why what the devil is it good for, if a sprinkling of spindrift will dish it," cried the sailor to the man of fashion, as he gazed with alarm at the threatening clouds. "There's one for you," and he took off a weather-beaten affair, covered with tarred canvas; "there's one will float from New York to Petersburg, and come ashore dry as a whistle."

"Coachman, is my trunk in the boot?" said a crabbed-looking woman from the inside.

"What colour, marm?" asked Jarvie.

"Black leather—"

"Was there hair upon it?" inquired Oxford, with apparent solicitude.

"And brass nails," said the Cambridge man.

"And a cord round it," continued the intriguante.

"The very same, gentlemen," gasped the proprietor.

"Why, Bob, it can't be; the trunk went

off in the Manchester diligence, that no one would claim but the mad Irishman, who swore his *shisther* lost her's six months ago, and he was sure it was the same."

"Oh! Lord—stop the coach, I am ruined; my trunk in Manchester with a mad Irishman."

"Marm, don't run restive; it's only a rise."

"Only what—why my trunk's lost."

"It's a go, Lord love ye," continued Jarvie.

"Stop the coach, you impudent rascal, telling me it's a rise and a go—I say it's my trunk, and its gone. Stop, I say, stop."

Jehu at last convinced the "ould one" that her property was secure; and, after bestowing "a skip-jack puppy and jade" on the youngsters who had alarmed her, she pulled her head in and the glass up.

During the journey the Oxonian occasionally drove, and at the last stage insisted on getting *the ribbons*, although Coachee muttered that "them there were troublesome cattle—three blind ones and a bolter," with other admonitory hints, which, alas! like most of those given by old heads to young ones, were but thrown away. A steep hill (long since cut down) terminated



in a narrow angularly-placed bridge;—vain were Jarvie's expostulations of care, and "keeping the cattle well together;" vain were the sailor's directions of "not giving her head-way, and hauling well on the weather braces;" vain were the objurgations of the proprietor of the black trunk with brass nails, as she screamed her apprehensions from the window; for in the middle of the hill and the advice, the pole-piece broke, and the horses becoming unmanageable the vehicle was overturned with great violence, discharging its cargo of parcels and passengers into the next field (as Jack termed it) "by the run." Many of the travellers were severely injured, and with great difficulty O'Hara walked to the next town, which fortunately for the sufferers was not distant from the scene of the disaster.

With the good fortune which invariably attends that *generation of vipers*, as John Wesley called the sons of Neptune, Jack tilted head-foremost into a quickset hedge; but a skull of sufficient strength, protected by a covering of approved consistency, valued the shock as little

as if he had fallen on a bed of roses. In a second he was on his feet, and having taken a fancy to O'Hara, rendered him all the assistance in his power—

“Lean upon me, my hearty. — that two-fisted youngster, I told him to let go his lee braces, and luff all he could, or he'd be foul of the pier, but the son of a — minded me no more than a dead dog would listen to a boatswain's whistle; and that — queen of clubs must put in her oar and scream like ten devils; ———! look at her clearing the wreck, to get where her — luggage is stowed away, though the tailor's singing out for some one to pull his leg. My eyes! what a smash—the whole broadside started; but here comes more help; lean upon me.”

Notwithstanding O'Hara had gone immediately to bed after being blooded by the Village Surgeon, in the morning a smart fever came on. To attempt to continue his journey would have been impossible, and obedient to professional advice, he submitted to necessity, and took up his abode at the inn.

On the eighth morning he was enabled to leave his chamber, and tired of the confinement of the past week, he resolved to discharge his medical attendant, and leisurely resume his journey. In pursuance of this resolution he was returning from the Doctor's house, when the Holyhead mail passed. Some person in it recognised him, and, on the coach stopping, a young man whom he remembered to have occasionally seen at Newbridge, presented him a letter. "It was a lucky circumstance," he said, "that he had seen Mr. O'Hara, for Mr. Thornton had earnestly requested] him to deliver it [without delay; he had accordingly sought him at the hotel in Dublin, and finding he had not yet arrived from England, he thought he might be still in London, and, therefore, brought the packet with him." Henry received the letter, and the coachman started the horses, and cut short all further inquiry.

O'Hara retired to his apartment, and opened the packet which, by such extraordinary accident, had reached him. The letter was from Thornton, and we shall] transcribe' it verbatim:—

“ *Newbridge, April —, 1798.*

“ MY DEAR O'HARA,

“ There are certain liberties which, when taken with a man's purse or person, require some apology; and, as in my late affair with young Nugent I became your representative, without having obtained or even solicited your vote and interest, I beg to assure you, that if any impropriety has occurred on my part, old affection and regard for your worthy father and brotherly feelings towards yourself, stimulated me to act as I have done, and that nothing was farther from my thoughts than any unseasonable interference in a matter which, had you been in the country, belonged exclusively to yourself. So far of apology, and now for justification. Enclosed, I transmit copies of three letters which Nugent's friend gave me after the principal was removed from the ground.”

No. 1.

‘ *Carmeen, — April, 1798.*

‘ SIR,—Having been informed of the extreme impropriety of your conduct yesterday evening to Major O'Hara, when the arrest of that gen-

tleman rendered it impossible for him to notice any insult; in the absence of his son, may I request you *forthwith* to offer such apology as may be deemed adequate by Mr. O'Hara's friends, or give an early meeting to

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT MOUTRAY.'

' Colonel Curzon, the bearer of this, will make all necessary arrangements.'

' *Edward Nugent, Esq. &c. &c.*'

No. 2.

' *Bally Carnew, April —, 98.*

' SIR,—Your conduct last night at Castle Carra was that of a mean and dastardly coward. To prevent the necessity of resorting to harsh measures, and giving you personal chastisement, in the absence of Mr. Henry O'Hara, I request you will meet me at seven o'clock *to-morrow morning*, at Flurry Bridge.

' Mr. Fitzpatrick, my friend, will deliver this, and wait your reply.

Your obedient, humble servant,

HECTOR DOGHERTY.'

' *To E. Nugent, Esq. &c. &c.*'

No. 3.

*' Mount Pleasant, Friday.*

' Mr. Reginald Maguire presints compts. to Mr. Edwerd Nugent, and is sorry to Acquaint him that his Behaviour at Castel Carra was nather dacent nor Frindly, and as it will not be in the Power of my worthy Frind, the Major, to call upon at Presint, Mr. Reginald Maguire will expect Mr. Nugent will allow him that Pleasure. Mr. Reginald Maguire would Beg to recomend Dunshaughlin Hill, also wishin that sunday Morning would anser Mr. Nugent—Because he is not on Tarms with the Sherif, and He horswipt the Sub at The election. But if Mr. Nugent has any other Engagemen, Mr. Reginald Maguire will take the Tinints with him to prevint Axcident from contankerous Creditors, and meet him any hour he plases on Saturday.'

' P.S.—My esteemed frind, Cabtain Costello, will resave further comands.'

*' Edward Nugent, Esq. &c. &c. &c.'*

“ Now my dear Harry, was it not lucky for all parties that the blackguard fell to my lot, for what chance would he have had with Mou-

tray, Dogherty, or Maguire? The two former, as you know, are cool shots, and our friend *Reggie* (as he assured us on the ground) would have taken the liberty of reading the Dublin Evening Post through him; meaning thereby, that he, the said Reginald, would have made such an aperture in his (Nugent's) carcase, as would have enabled him to read small print through the vacancy. Now of this alleged exploit—the former part obtained implicit credit, from our respected friend's success through life in killing and maiming multitudes of his Majesty's subjects; but, as to the reading, persons were found hardy enough to disbelieve it altogether, inasmuch as *Reggie* was always considered to be what Pangloss calls 'a little loose in his orthography.'

“ I will not detain you with *the fight*; I shall only say that Moutray and I were first at *the Scratch*; for *Bitter Bob*, finding his man engaged to your humble servant, rather than sit out agreed to be my friend, while Nugent was *picked up*\* by an Artillery Officer. Since you

\* I have remarked much inaccuracy, and not unfrequently, great obscurity, in the Author of O'Hara. Many passages I

drilled Felton at Newbridge, there was not a more interesting assemblage of the Sporting world. Dogherty rode into the field with

do not comprehend; the present chapter for example—in page 84, line 19, “The man in the fashionable coat seemed absorbed in the preservation of his toggerly.” This is not an English word; but, as a derivative, I do not much object to it. *The toggerly*, (Latin, toga), a wrapper, (French, sur-tout,) was made after the Roman costume, and was undoubtedly imposing and grand; and Sharp and Singleton must have been persons of classic taste; but, in the present instance, great difficulty will occur in elucidating the passage in question. “*The Scratch*,” I imagine, was the name of a particular field, from its having been indifferently harrowed or scratched over—hence it was afterwards called the Scratch. “*Sit out*,” I understand perfectly. In duelling none but the parties were well accommodated with seats, and hence Mr. Moutray wished to have a comfortable and convenient situation. “*Picked up* by an Artillery Officer.”—This is a scandalous stupidity, or carelessness, on the part of the author, or the publisher, or probably of both. The passage should run thus, “While Nugent was picked up *on the road* by an Artillery Officer.” Mr. E. Nugent having either neglected to engage a second, or the second not having appeared, he (Mr. N.) perhaps went astray in looking for him, and was *picked up on the road* (i. e. discovered wandering) by an Artillery Officer. These inaccuracies are lamentable; and, therefore, I cannot recommend the work.—*Jonathan Oldskirt*.

Jonathan Oldskirt is a *twaddling spoonie*. The passages in this chapter are unexceptionable, and the style neat, gentlemanly, and perspicuous. The tailor, being a *knowing*



thirty or forty mounted friends and a couple hundred Broom-hedge Boys; while a position on the other side was taken up by Maguire, who, with a tremendous and well-armed banditti, whom he named 'the Tinints,'

'Rushed from his dark hills down, and swelled the din of war.

"Now although Messrs. Dogherty and Maguire happened to patronise the same cause on the present occasion, you are well aware of the existence of a feud of long standing between these worthies and their adherents, and consequently this was determined to be a fit and proper opportunity to decide it by a battle;

*kiddie*, had roofed it to save the *coriander seed*, and naturally had a care for his *thatch* and *toggery*, which, as the day was wet, were likely to come to trouble. If the author is inaccurate in any thing, it must be in calling it a *surtout*—whereas the Flashman, no doubt, sported a *poodle Benjamin*. An Artillery Officer having *come in* for Nugent, is properly said to have *picked him up* (*seconded*, now obsolete.) As to the terms of *the scratch* and *sitting out*—phrases so well known in Hell and among the Fancy—need no comment. In short, I admire the work, and confidently recommend it to my friends *in and out of the Ring*.—*Pierce Egan*.

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

I beg to refer the disputed passages to Josh Hudson, Colonel Berkeley, The Commissary-General, or any other competent scholar.—*Robt. Ashworth*.

and I question whether we would have been allowed to perform our paltry part, had not the Sheriff and Ancient Britons been announced as approaching. This was a quietus to the *factions*, and between two mobs and a troop of Cavalry, Sheriffs, Magistrates, and posse comitatus, the affair of honour terminated, in Mr. Dogherty and friends, with many terrific yells, retreating to their respective homes; Mr. Maguire and 'Tinints,' with similar accompaniments, escaping to the mountains; Mr. Nugent *exiting* on a door; and Mr. William Thornton, the present deponent, retiring in close custody. My detention, however, was but momentary, for on finding Mr. Nugent was only lamed for life (the ball broke his knee-cap), the liberty of the subject was not to be trenched upon for a trifle, and I was accordingly discharged.

“ And now, my dear O'Hara, as I have been obliged to allude to the very disagreeable subject of your father's arrest, may I advise you to return immediately. Let no pecuniary concerns detain you; for although no alarmist, such is the state of the times and the temper of the Govern-

ment, that I have well founded reason to believe that the prosecution of the Major will be carried on *promptly and vigorously*. A crisis is fast approaching, and a few days may witness scenes of—but I cannot, dare not, write more.

Ever, and in all circumstances,

Your true and faithful friend,

WILLIAM THORNTON."

The envelope contained the following scroll :

"Lady Sarah and the young one left C— C—the morning of the day your father was arrested. They have taken possession of M' Cullogh's house in Newbridge, which he vacated in their favour. The intended alliance between 'Beauty and the Beast' is the subject of universal discussion—Lady Sarah patronised a *Yeomanry Ball* on Friday night—the world say there would have been more delicacy in declining it—your father is confined in the Depôt, and every comfort and accommodation, consistent with a vigilant security of his person, is most amply afforded.

W. T."

The effect of this letter on a nervous invalid we need not attempt describing. He rang the

bell, ordered four horses, and in a state little short of madness, penned a hasty note to the village surgeon, of which the words "thanks," "kindness," "enclosed trifle," "sudden departure," associated with a bank post-bill for twenty pounds, informed the son of Apollo that the best patient he had met with, since he first "dabbled in galenicals, was off."

Leaving our hero for a time to pursue his rapid journey with all the haste of quick relays and double-paid postillions, we shall nevertheless anticipate him, and return to his cheerless home.

The Irish executive had long been well aware that political meetings of the revolutionary leaders were regularly held at Castle Carra. An agent in their pay (he still lives, and lives in lavish splendour, spending in Paris the wages of his infamy) was a constant attendant, and as he ranked high in the military organization of the conspirators, he was without suspicion enabled to penetrate their secret plans and councils. Durton (the Colonel whom Mahony accompanied on the night of Henry's return) was a traitor to the party, and from his superior

intelligence, and the deep confidence reposed in him by the United Irishmen, government determined to the last to keep him undiscovered by the party he had betrayed, and avail themselves of his talents and information to crush those of their enemies in whom the real or fancied danger lay. Hence the arrest of Major O'Hara was postponed in consequence of Durton's welcome intelligence that Lord Edward (of whom the government had long since lost every trace) had been at the meeting of the Ulster Baronial Committee. Anxious to secure his victim, Durton left the room without remark, having made some plausible excuse; but, on searching for his horse, he had the mortification to find that the animal had strayed from his stable. In his attempt to reach Newbridge by crossing the lake, he was equally unfortunate; for, contrary to the usual custom, the boats were chained and the oars removed. While thus engaged, he saw the delegates retire, and as a second meeting was to be holden on the following night, he determined to wait till then, and surprise Lord Edward, whom he confidently calculated on finding at Castle

Carra. He accordingly concealed a military force in the neighbourhood, and proceeded to the appointed rendezvous ; but his chagrin was inexpressible on finding the object he had so long pursued had again eluded his vigilance, and left the north for Dublin. Thither he decided on following him, and knowing that Henry had been the companion of his journey, he had his movements assiduously observed. But, as our reader is already informed, young O'Hara knew nothing of Lord Edward from the night of their arrival, and thus Durton again was disappointed. Having obtained intelligence that the Leinster committee would meet on a certain night, he naturally concluded that Fitz-steven, if he still remained in Dublin, would be there. In the mean time, Henry left that place for London, and the celebrated arrest of the committee at Bond's took place, and once more the government and their indefatigable agent failed in the chief object of their pursuit. Durton, conscious that the mask must now be withdrawn, openly denounced the rebel leaders, and fearful that his life would be the forfeit of his treachery, he claimed the protection of his

employers, and was accommodated with apartments in the castle. Major O'Hara, and others of the principals, were immediately arrested, and the government, hoping to deter those who were as yet but partially engaged in the conspiracy, by a terrible example, decided on bringing O'Hara to instant trial, and for this purpose the severe and summary provisions of the Insurrection Act were resorted to.

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## CHAPTER V.

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—————'Tis sweet to hear  
In good greenwood the bugle blown,  
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,  
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

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*Scott.*

THE coach which bore him to London had been the subject of many a querulous complaint from O'Hara. The horses were slow as tops—the coachman kept no time—the very wheels were locked, and they should be an age upon the road. But *now* returning, what a change!—he, who a month ago would have thought one of Sadler's flights but tardy travelling—who was fidgetty and uncomfortable at every delay, now reclined in the carriage, unconscious of its rapid motion, his eyes resting on vacancy, and “taking no note of time;” village and town succeeded each other unremarked, and the bustling waiter was obliged to remind him



when the carriage stopped, that here it was customary to dine, and there to breakfast. No gentle spell now welcomed him to his home—joy and hope had fled together. No longer did he hasten to meet a parent, enjoying the freedom and comfort of a British hearth—a captive would embrace him, and his destination was a prison!

On board the packet, his apathy remained unaltered—he crept in silence to his berth, and, regardless of the proximity of his once-loved country, the custom-house officers had searched the luggage, and examined the passengers, before he appeared to be aware that the voyage was at an end.

It was on the evening of the 19th of May, (long will it be recollected in Ireland,) that Henry O'Hara stepped upon the Pigeon-house Wharf. Every thing around him bespoke danger and alarm—the barrier gates were closed, their guards doubled, and the cannon, trained upon the long causeway which connects that fortress with the city, were ready, at a moment's notice, to sweep it with a murderous fire. Nor were these precautionary appearances confined

to this place of strength. On entering Dublin, he perceived the Yeomanry assembling at their alarm posts—cavalry patrols were riding through the streets, and all was bustle and apprehension.

On reaching the hotel, he was surprised to find it totally deserted, and he learned from a person placed in charge of the house, that the landlord had been arrested for treason, and his family had left the place—at the same time he gave him a little billet, and mentioned that he had been charged by the person who had brought it, and who had, for the last few days, been incessantly inquiring for him, to deliver it without delay. O'Hara broke the seal—the hand-writing was Lord Edward's, and only contained these words—"Go to the theatre the evening you arrive—in the undress circle on the left side a friend will meet you." Without a moment's delay, having consigned his luggage to the keeper's care, Henry proceeded to the place appointed.

The roll of distant carriages, and a very unusual bustle, announced that the fashionable world were on the alert, and on turning into

Crow-street, the Viceroy, splendidly attended, drove up. His escort was numerous, and the flagged ways from Dame-street to the theatre were lined on either side by grenadiers and yeomanry. This unusual military display might answer the double purposes of state and safety, and in these perilous times was not noticed; but the interior of the house presented a scene which could not be mistaken. The lobbies and saloon were crowded with soldiery and police, and the air of the audience indicated alarm and discomfort. O'Hara had little time to speculate on appearances, for he had scarcely been seated in the box, when a paper was placed within his hand by a person unknown, who retired without speaking a word. It was the same handwriting as the former note, and even more laconic—"Murphy's, Feather Merchant, No. —, Thomas-street—tear this, and hasten to —."

On leaving the house, Henry remarked that the military made way for him as he passed, and a sentinel carried arms. For the first time he perceived he wore a coat different from his own; it was an officer's undress blue frock,

which in the confusion of parting at the Salopian, had been forgotten by his friend O'Kelly.

Having obtained a hackney coach, he gave necessary directions to be conveyed to the place appointed.

It was twilight when he reached the narrow street called Skinner-row, which enters into Thomas-street. A string of job carriages was passing at the time, which Henry supposed to be a funeral, and falling into line (it being impossible to pass from the narrowness of the *pavé*) proceeded as a part of the procession. Suddenly the cavalcade started at a rapid pace, and finding himself at the place described, O'Hara left his coach to seek the Feather Merchant's.

Proceeding up the street, the carriages, whose unequal mode of travelling had awakened his curiosity, drew up, and from each a number of men, dressed in blue coats, issued, and acting evidently on a preconcerted plan, some of them surrounded a particular house, while the rest rushed in. Henry quickened his steps, and was soon at the scene of action. It was apparent that something important was going

forward. He entered the shop—it was the Feather Merchant's—all in the house was confusion and dismay—women screamed—men's voices were loud and hurried, and above them was a struggle, wrestling of feet, a shriek, a groan, and something fell heavily. O'Hara easily comprehended the business—it was undoubtedly the arrest of Lord Edward—he rushed forward to the stairs—they were crowded with armed men—again there was a struggle heard—a flash, and report of fire arms succeeded; voices exclaimed “ Hold him down—secure him,” and a man coming hastily to the landing, called “ Hawkins, send quickly for Durton and the guard.” Several persons hurried down stairs, and O'Hara, pushing past others, entered the chamber above.

The scene was dreadful, and there was still sufficient light to view it. Two men, apparently mortally wounded, were lying on the floor, and Lord Edward, undressed, incapable of motion, and covered with blood, was stretched upon the bed on which he had been sleeping when surprised; several military-looking men surrounded the bed, either to secure or support him. One,

who appeared to command the party, beckoned to Henry, whom he addressed as Serjeant:—  
“ Here, come forward ; our man's done for, I believe,” and calling off the others, he retired to whisper with them in a corner of the room.

Profiting by the mistake, O'Hara mastered his feelings, and took his place beside his unfortunate friend. Lord Edward lay with his face partially averted, and unconscious of one he so well-loved being near him ; his striking features betrayed the internal play of the strong passions which convulsed him ;—that daring and indomitable courage that had nerved him “ to do or die” at times shed an unearthly tranquillity over his pale countenance, which was only broken by the intensity of bodily pain, or the desperate smile of gratified vengeance with which he viewed his victims rolling in agony on the ground. The pistols, which had snapped without being discharged, (it was said the primings had been traitorously injured,) and the double dagger, that had done its work of death too well, crimsoned to the hilt, were lying on the blood-stained floor.

In a few minutes the clattering of hoofs and

the heavy tread of marching men, told that the guard were waiting. Much difficulty arose in removing the wounded officers, as from the narrowness of the stairs few persons could be employed. During this operation, O'Hara found himself alone with the prisoner, and seizing on the opportunity, he spoke to him in a cautious whisper. In a moment, Fitzstephen's animated eye recognised his young friend:—

“ Henry, my beloved boy, bend your head nearer mine—listen, but speak not, as the moments are few and precious. Think of me as of the dead, for I have my mortal wound; but ‘*haud inultus moriar*:’” and he smiled darkly, as deep groans ascended from the hall, whither the wounded had been carried. “ Your father is now the first object of vengeance, and, if removed, the tyrants will think their bitterest and worst enemies are gone; his trial comes on to-morrow! (Henry groaned.) Nothing but a miracle can save him; ride without stop or stay—bear him my last love, for this world is fast closing upon us both. Speak not, delay not; and may your enmity to the oppressors of your country be as deadly, as eternal, as mine.” He

sank exhausted on the pillow, just as the captors re-entered with a surgeon, and motioned Henry to leave the room.

Once more in the street, he endeavoured to recal his thoughts, for all of the late interview with Lord Edward appeared a dreadful dream, and he doubted whether he had really been beside him—for the curious chance which had enabled him to witness Fitzstephen's arrest was unaccountable to him, and yet easily explained. The Police were assisted by a number of soldiers in coloured clothes, and the party, to prevent observation, proceeded to the house in hackney-coaches; hence O'Hara's appearance among them was unnoticed—the one supposing him to be a military associate in disguise, and the other considering him attached to the civil power whom they accompanied.

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## CHAPTER VI.

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Thus to love, and thus to live,  
 Thus to take, and thus to give,  
 Thus to laugh, and thus to sing,  
 Thus to mount on pleasure's wing,  
 Thus to sport, and thus to speed,  
 Thus to flourish, nourish, feed,  
 Thus to spend, and thus to spare,  
 Is to bid *a fig for care!*

*Panedone, 1621.*

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HENRY found himself in Dame-street, undecided as to what course he should pursue. He thought of his father's lawyer, and he determined to be advised by him. On reaching his house, he was informed by the clerk, that Mr. Chargewell, after waiting for him till the last moment, had started for Newbridge, to conduct Major O'Hara's defence, and confirmed Fitzsteven's intelligence, that "the trial was to come on to-morrow." Henry hurried from

his lawyer's, intending to start for the north without a moment's delay, and as the mail had long before left Dublin, he was hastening to get post-horses for his journey, when he found himself suddenly encircled by a number of men, and declared to be a prisoner. A furious attempt he made to extricate himself was unavailing, for after shaking off two or three of the party, he was secured by the remainder, who were ordered by a man who appeared to direct their movements, to convey him to the nearest watch-house. The leader immediately retired, but although he had carefully concealed his features, and had issued his commands in a disguised voice, Henry found no difficulty in recognising, in his captor, his former acquaintance, Colonel Durton.

Guarded stoutly by the constable and half a score of able watchmen, the prisoner proceeded to his destination in the centre of the posse. The theatre had just closed, and the returning parties discussed the merits of the play and of the performers, as they hastened to their homes. The last group had passed, when from the next street a number of powerful voices chaunted—

We'll go merry home, boys,  
 And we'll go merry home;  
 And if we meet a saucy Jack,  
 We'll break his collar bone.

A war-whoop in the Back Lands could not have produced more alarm on the earliest American Colonists than this exquisite stave on the Constable and his attendant *Charleys*.

“By de holy Paul,” said the Commander, “its de College.”

“Oh! thunder and nouns,” ejaculated the remainder.

In a moment the choristers, consisting of some six or eight smart-looking, fashionable lads, turned the corner, and confronting the captive and his escort, the following dialogue ensued—

*Leading College Man*.—“Hollo! you d——d rogues, who have you got there?”

*Constable*.—“Let us pass. De yees want to rise a rumpus?”

*Second College Man*.—“Speak, you son of a ——; is it a gemman or a grocer? Speak, I say, or by George, I'll smash your mug.”

*Constable*.—“What matter who he is. He's a rael rawber—I have him in charge. It's well

but he knocked down Captain Crab, of the Castle."

*Third College Man.*—"Then, by Jove, he's a jewel. Hang all Castle hacks. We'll bail him, Tom—eh! Jack? We'll free him from the Philistines."

*Constable.*—"Very well, gemmen—come to St. Andrews."

*Leading College Man.*—"To Saint Andrews! Why you ill-visaged villain, would we Trinitarians take the trouble of visiting your den of thieves? Let him go—or, by the God of War, I'll lay thousands on you!"

*Constable.*—"Handle your powls, boys. Don't attimpt stopping us!"

*Watchmen (full chorus.)*—A rescue! a rescue!—help! help!"

*College (full chorus.)*—"Smite the pirates, down with the Mohawks!"

*(Row general. Sticks, poles, and fists all going.)*

*Constable (floored.)*—"Oh! Holy Moses! I'm kilt."

*First Charley (rolling in the kennel.)*—"Tundher and nouns! Oh! my head, my head!"

*Second Charley (in kennel ditto.)*—"Oh! Jasus! My back's broke! Oh! oh!"

*Third and fourth ditto (in kennel ditto.)*—"Help! murdher! murdher! my head! my leg!"  
(*Rattles in divers directions.*)

*College Men.*—"Keep it up. Well hit, Tom; that's your sort. Hurra! Spoil the Goths—strip the Vandals."

*Watchmen (prostrate.)*—"Oh! Blood and nouns! Rawberry! Rawberry! My powl! —my wig!—my lantern!"

*Leading College Man.*—"Silence the villains—stop their music.—[To O'Hara]—come along my hearty, you hit like a prime one; and now for a broil and a bottle at No. 2, —."

*Prisoner.*—"Gentlemen, accept my thanks."

*Leading College Man.*—"Damn thanks; we'll crack a cooper to the confusion of—Zounds, here's a fresh relay—stick together—retreat—College for ever—huzza!"

*College Boys (full chorus.)*—"Hurra! hurra! hurra!"

(*Enter from Andrew-street a fresh assortment of Charleys.*)

*Watchmen (full chorus.)*—"Oh! you bloody rawbers! Oh! ye murd'ring tieves!"

*(Excunt College Men, fighting—regular retreat. Grand chorus of oaths, blows, poles, sticks, and rattles. Prisoner carried off in triumph, with sundry spoils.)*

Years had rolled over his head since O'Hara, cut off by the decree of *Alma Mater* as a gangrenous member, had passed, for the last time, as he then supposed, beneath her vaulted gateway; and now, under strange circumstances, he re-entered the classic courts. The loud voices, and louder oaths of his mad companions, brought the watchful porter to the wicket just in time to open his city of refuge to the hard-pressed combatants, and witness the retreat of the "Gens d'Armes" of Andrew-street. Once within the awful precincts of old Trinity, pursuit was at an end. The battered watchmen eyed the sacred portal askance, and fearful of a sally, retired to a respectful distance; and the boldest tipstaff, though tempted by a double fee, shuddered as he refused to earn the offered bribe. Once (so College legends tell) a grip-

*per* of desperate renown made the perilous essay, and returned half dead from kicks and cold water, to which ablutionary course, he, "good easy man," had been necessitated to submit, his tormentors, as a precautionary step, having nailed his ears to the pump. Within this, the "Ultima Thule" to Messrs. Doe and Roe, O'Hara breathed again after his exertions, and seated on a stone bench, observed the old man, with his elevated lantern, welcoming the rioters as they entered.

Corney O'Callaghan ("ah! molliter ossa reponent!") *toddled* out on the first alarm, and while his light grey eye twinkled beside a huge nose of purple hue and pimpled surface, he familiarly addressed the fugitives—"And so, my poor boys, they attacked you, did they; well, there's no standing the villains; it's only last Friday night they kicked over my blackjack, and for half an hour left me without a sup. And you found these in the street," as he eyed the trophies of the fray with peculiar archness; "ay, the drunken rogues, they dropped them, I suppose. Well, well, the vagabonds would not scruple to say that you

took them from them ; but we'll bother them. Archie, I say, book the gentlemen for half-past nine—I left a little corner in the book, for fear my darlins might be in trouble.”

“ Corney, you're a jewel ; here, old boy, get some *wet* ;” and silver from many hands rattled in his paw.

“ Ah ! Lord love you, little of that goes far with poor Corney. There was a time when my appetite was passable, and I could moisten the clay, but that's over. Here, Tom, (to a youthful coadjutor), run to Mrs. Flinn's for a hot chop, and bring a gallon of Pims, and a quart of Costigan ; make haste, for she shuts early, and we must give up Murphy ; God forgive him, I believe he buys all the houghs in the market. But run, ye devils, here's the Dean from a tea party ; it's a shame a staid man like him would keep unregular hours.”

A thundering knock scattered the culprits, and brought Corney and his companions to the wicket, waiting, like faithful servants, with many a scrape and bow, the arrival of the expected potentate.

Hurried across the courts, apparently the



mere sport of fortune, Henry was introduced, in the most summary manner, to the "first floor, right hand, No. 2, ——." The servant who presented himself at the lobby, to light his master and his visitors in, enabled him to read the name of "Mr. Stamford," in large characters, executed in white paint; underneath appeared the word "letters," and the rest of the door was scratched over, in simple chalk, representing the Vice-Provost, and sundry obnoxious fellows, in very unseemly attitudes. Nor was the interior of Mr. Stamford's domicile more decorous than the external—caricatures of the plainest description covered the walls; spurs and whips, guns, pistols, and foils ornamented the chimney-piece; and an asthmatic pointer (an article marked contraband by the statutes) was stretched upon the hearth-rug; the compartment between the windows was adorned with a rich display of Watchmen's poles, Welsh wigs, rattles, and lanterns, and beneath appeared the words "Opima spolia" emblazoned in most unpretending style with a burned stick. The other chattel property of Mr. Stamford's apartments was neither valu-

able or numerous. Of twelve chairs, five were available for the purposes of sitting, while the other seven, in consequence of loss of limbs, and sundry compound fractures of backs and bottoms, "were wisely kept for shew." On one of these cripples (*horresco referens!*) reclined a cottage bonnet, with a full allowance of pink ribbons and plumes "à l'Otranto;" which Mr. S. on remarking, picked hastily up, and deposited in another room.

If a fastidious eye might take exceptions at certain arrangements in "first floor, right hand, No. 2——," there were others which were *unique*. A table stood in the centre, garnished with cold fowls, mutton-ham, lobster-sallad, and other exquisite preparations for the suppression of hunger and the promotion of thirst. To guard, however, against the evils and inconveniences of the latter, a long rank of black bottles were arrayed on a sideboard, bearing the titles of "Innishowen," "real Antigua," "Cogniac," "Schidam," "Curaçoa," and "Martinique;" lemons, sugar, and a boiling kettle, completed the "materiel."

"Come lads! down with your dust. Jerry,

— you, what are you groping for?" (as the attendant was adroitly propping a legless chair with a quarto Lexicon.) "If that cursed Skip is not as slow as a slug, and deaf as a beetle—fly down for the chops and Bolognas. Lord! what an appetite *a shy* with the Philistines gives a man—nothing in the world like exercise. Come, Sir," to O'Hara, "hang ceremony—to let a sausage cool is high-treason."

"Mr. Stamford, I feel too much the service you have already conferred, to wish to bring to your table a guest so unfitted for hilarity; I am a man desperately circumstanced; my father's life or death must be determined before this hour to-morrow; and, if within human means, I must, before twelve hours, be sixty miles from this. The best favour you can now bestow, is to suffer me to depart, for every moment is more precious than I can possibly explain."

The party, in astonishment, replaced their knives and forks upon the table. The deep solemnity of the stranger's simple appeal, his unfeigned agony of mind, and undissembled sorrow, touched the generous feelings of the

wild youths. Mr. Stamford warmly, but respectfully, pressed him to be seated, and hinted, in delicate terms, that if he wished to conceal his name, no one should require it.

Henry paused for a moment. "No, Sir, there is no need of concealment of either my name or my misfortunes; of both you may have possibly heard; the parent I spoke of, is Major O'Hara."

"O'Hara, the Rebel!" and all rose together. The well-known name appeared to have electrified them, and the consequences to the stranger, who calmly awaited the result, seemed doubtful, when the master of the revels put an end to this uncertainty by waving his hand authoritatively to his guests, and motioning them to be seated.

"Mr. O'Hara, I beg you will resume your place; though not personally acquainted with you, I have heard much of you from my poor kinsman, M'Donald—you knew him well. (Henry bowed.) And a better fellow never broke his neck at a fox hunt:" and the recollection of the untimely fate of his favourite cousin brought tears to his eyes. "Report

speaks of your family as disaffected to the Government, and consequently you are an enemy of mine, for I boast myself to be a true Orangeman and a loyal subject. Accident has made you my guest; the world say you are a brave man, and I know that you are an unfortunate one. Sit, Sir, refresh yourself, for you need it; you have much to go through to-morrow; as far as I can, I will assist you to effect your journey; in doing this, I am aware that I shall expose my motives to misrepresentation, and my character to slander; but John Stamford can maintain his honour when it is assailed, and put a stop to impertinent conclusions;" he glanced his eye at a case of pistols, which hung opposite him, carefully wrapped in green baize cases, and stretching his hand out to O'Hara, he bade him an honest welcome. The example of the host was promptly followed by the rest of the party, who, in turn, offered their respective services. A sickly ray of hope gleamed for a moment on the hapless fugitive, on finding foes unexpectedly converted into friends, and conscious that great mental and bodily exertion must be undergone, he sat

down to the table, and endeavoured to recruit his strength to meet the struggle of to-morrow.

Supper ended, and many plans for leaving Dublin were discussed, when the farther proceedings of the midnight cabinet were interrupted by a loud knocking. The Skip proceeded to his spy-hole to make the accustomed *reconnaissance*, before this late visiter should be admitted, and reported that Corney O'Callaghan was without.

“Zounds,” exclaimed Stamford, “there's villany abroad, or honest Corney would not have deserted his Black Jack to turn peripatetic at this hour.”

All apprehended danger when Mr. O'Callaghan, ensconced in leathern cap and dark blue wrapper, furnished with a staff and *glimmer box* to direct his steps, *toddled* into the presence, announcing the alarming news of the Junior Dean, and sundry suspicious-looking strangers, being seated in close deliberation in the porter's lodge.

## CHAPTER VII.

We have heard the chimes at midnight,  
 Master Shallow——

*Henry IV.—Part II.*

CORNEY O'CALLAGHAN having prudently ascertained that the seat allotted to him was adequate to support his weight, took possession; and having laid his lantern on the floor, and received a glass of brandy, he bolted the spirits, and commenced his narrative.

“Ogh! *a vourneen*, I'd rather cross a court than mount a stair—it's sore upon my asthma. Well, dears, I had just picked a morsel, when there came a fresh racket at the gate. ‘Who's there?’ says I.—‘Me,’ says they.—‘And who's me,’ says I.—‘Captain Crab, of the castle.’—‘Captain Crab, of the castle, is late,’ says I, as the clock began striking twelve.—‘Open quickly,’ says Captain Crab.—‘Divil an inch,’ says Corney Callaghan. ‘Arra!

Captain Crab, dear, what do you want at this time of night?'—'The Dean,' says he.—'Oh! that alters the case,' and away I sent Phil to call him. Well, down comes the Dean, and in comes the Captain, and a rabble at his heels of polees and *Charleys*. 'It's a new sight to see ye here, gentlemen,' says I. Well, in goes the Dean and the Captain, and out went all the porters but myself; 'for,' says the Dean, 'Corney's deaf and stupid,' and the old man laughed heartily. And they began to talk about a rebel and a rescue, and that he was in the college—and how Lord Edward was killed, and the papists rising—and then they spoke of searching. 'Who come in last, Corney?' says the Dean. I told him, 'Deaf Hamilton and Macbride.'—'Phoo,' says the Dean, 'they are no men for a riot.'—'We'll search their rooms,' says Captain Crab.—'Certainly, but here's likelier men,' and the Dean read your names from the book; 'but they were in two hours before the affray, but we'll look into their rooms as we pass;' and away they went, and I came to give you the whisper.'



“ So,” said Stamford, “ are they all ready at our gates? But courage—here, lads, be active—away with the bottles—toss the *opima spolia* into the outer cellar—open the windows, or the smell of the Bolognas and rack-punch will tell tales. Spread a green cloth and a score of rascally books upon the table, and I’ll prepare for the enemy.’ After issuing his orders, he retired to his chamber, while the banquet was hastily removed, and the apartment assumed a philosophic gravity. In a few minutes Stamford re-appeared, and showed that his time had not been unoccupied. His late attire, the very apex of the fashion, was discarded, and the Blood was superseded by the Sloven. Ungartered hose hung loosely around his ‘slippered’ feet, and the *blue Belcher* which had encompassed his neck, now cinctured the waist of a sad-coloured dressing-gown; a pair of silver spectacles with green glasses, and a tufted nightcap, completed the *nonpareil*. O’Hara smiled at the strange metamorphose a few seconds had effected, and Corney himself, albeit well-accustomed to the manifold pranks of the mad youths of half a century, testified

his delight, by emitting a sound in which a cough and chuckle were combined in due proportion.

There was no time for delay—a furious knocking, sufficient to destroy any door of common strength, was heard in an adjoining building. “Ha—ha—ha!” laughed Corney, as he tossed up a third glass of brandy, and prepared to abscond; “I thought deaf Hamilton would show some sport for awhile, but he’s a sharp one, compared to Dozey Macbride, as your Honours call him. There they go—bang!—bang!—If Dozey has the beer aboard, they may bang till doomsday,” and Corney made his exit.

“Come, gentlemen, be off; I’ll take care of Mr. O’Hara—I say, tramp—vanish—*Noscitur e sociis*—and it won’t do for such scamps to be found in a man’s room who is stewing night and day for the June premium,”—and he pushed out his jolly mates, and closed the door carefully. “And now, Mr. O’Hara, be so kind as play least in sight, and I will go bail for your security—here is my *refugium peccatorum*,” and he unlocked a wardrobe,

and, removing a sliding-shelf, the back, which was moveable, gave way, and disclosed a vacancy in the wall which had been originally a door-way, and was sufficiently large to accommodate two persons when standing closely together. Into this he inducted O'Hara—bade him be still as a mouse, and before he could make an observation, led an extremely pretty young woman from the next chamber, who, evidently acquainted with this secret closet, sprang in without hesitation, and took her place beside her astonished companion. “Don't be alarmed, Mr. O'Hara; only be still as the grave—I can answer for Ellen. Should accident or treachery discover your retreat, the window is open; leap boldly into the park, and this key” (putting a small one into his hand) “uncloses the little gate which enters into Nassau-street, but I trust there will be no occasion for running any risk.” There was no time for reply. “Open!” cried a loud voice, enforcing the order by striking fiercely on the door. Stamford coolly closed the aperture, replaced the shelf, and replied with great *sang froid* to the authoritative summons—

“ What, are you there again, Marley? 'Pon my soul! this is intolerable—no rest night or morning; I'll give up my rooms—if I don't, blow me!”

“ Open! open, I say!” cried a thick gruff voice, accompanying a fresh assault upon the portal.

“ So you are there, Dozey Macbride. Well, Job could not bear this. Begone, you drunken hog, or I'll chuck you over the staircase.”

Again a fierce demand was made for entrance, and several voices joined that of the panting Dean.

“ So, there are a troop of you! I'll leave the building, if I live till to-morrow. No wonder every broken lamp is charged on No. 2, — : it won't do, Mr. Hawkes; I know your drunken growl, and the old excuse of lighting a candle is stale, Mr. Lambert.”

“ Open! open! Jack Stamford, it's the Dean. Open, I desire,” cried the dignitary, choking with passion.

“ God bless me! what a mistake,” said Stamford, as he admitted the party. “ Really, Mr. Drawling, I could not have supposed it to

be you ; troublesome neighbours, sir,—one must be cautious. This way, gentlemen," as he ushered the Dean, his attendants, the officers on guard, Captain Crab, and two or three of the police into the apartment.

"Late up, Mr. Stamford ; ah—hem—supper party—hem," and expanding his spacious nostrils ' he snuffed the tainted gale.'

"No, sir, not a soul—took a quiet chop, *solus*—better not to be late out—taverns always troublesome, and one seldom sees any thing good in the streets—make it a rule to be in early."

"Ah—hem—laudable resolution that—near one o'clock—late hour for reading, Mr. Stamford."

"All habit, sir ; we are mere creatures of habit—learned it in No. 30. Mad Ruxton, (who was rusticated for putting a squib in the Provost's pocket), living overhead, played ball on the floor till dinner, and drank in the rest of the evening ; he was generally *Bacchi plenus* by eleven, and it was idle attempting any thing till he was *sewed* up."

"But the candles, Mr. Stamford ; six are rather luminous for solitary study."

“ True, sir ; weak eyes, as you perceive—late reading and heavy spectacles have played the devil with my sight—your contracted Greek is crabbed work by candlelight.”

“ Had we not better examine the chambers, not that I have any suspicion, but just for form’s sake?” said Captain Crab.

“ Undoubtedly,” replied the Dean. “ You may not be acquainted with the events which have taken place to-night, Mr. Stamford ; Lord Edward Fitzstephen, that arch-traitor, is arrested, and another rebel of material consequence, after having been secured, to the eternal disgrace of the University, is said to have been rescued by a party of drunken students.”

“ God bless me!—impossible!—why the town may be turned topsy-turvy, and Jack Stamford know nothing of it. Where the devil are you going?” to a watchman, who had officiously opened a press where the cordials, which had been recently on service, were deposited ; “ hope there is no treason in drinking his Majesty’s health in a comfortable bottle, Mr. Dean,” and taking the dignitary aside, O’Hara overheard him continue in broken whis-

pers—"damp, raw night—give you cold—certain death for asthma—only chance to escape—glass of prime brandy—red-hot water in a second—nothing short of suicide to be abroad in the night air without using a preventive."

The potentate refused point blank in the beginning, coquetted in the middle, but at the conclusion of the speech, the awful notion of self-destruction, and that too committed by a public character, determined him to preserve a life so valuable to the community, and take the prescribed antidote.

"Captain Crab, Mr. Stamford has given me a private hint—better send the men out—room's crowded and unwholesome;" accordingly the followers of Captain Crab and Doctor Drawling were counselled to withdraw, and the commanders gave the chambers a hasty search, while Stamford paraded the *materiel*. Now, although the gallant Captain loved to take precautionary measures against night damps, as well as heart could wish, a whisper from a retiring watchman insinuated that Stamford was one of the *mauvais sujets* concerned in the

rescue, and determined that worthy to be on the alert; but, on entering the sleeping chamber, his eye was attracted by an orange apron, and other paraphernalia of ultra loyalty, which the owner had cunningly left exposed, and in the cursory glance he threw around, nothing met his view but uniforms and accoutrements, all which bespoke attachment to our liege lord. No wonder then he returned persuaded that the host was *sans tache*, and that honest Charley's information was an additional proof of mortal fallibility.

“ Pretty dog, that—”

“ Oh! a stray animal which followed me from my aunt's in Merrion-Square; I must return him in the morning, or the Dowager would be inconsolable. Come, Doctor, try the Curaçoa, while the kettle boils!” and in a second the trio had commenced business.

O'Hara for some time had felt cramped and uncomfortable, and the confined place he stood in was almost intolerable from heat; his companion also seemed uneasy, and the apprehension that Doctor Drawling (who was strongly suspected of being a votary of the Jolly God)



would make himself too happy, was dreadful; but when Stamford began to lavish fulsome praises on the sermon delivered on the preceding Sunday by the Reverend Gentleman, against the alarming spread of Methodism, the poor listener gave himself up to despair. "What can have tempted him," thought he, "to fasten on a subject which will detain the old fool till cock-crow."

Stamford, however, with excellent tact, had an important object in view. "True, Doctor Drawling, true, these Sectaries are playing the devil; the mischief arising from their incessant exertions is unspeakable—' *Me ipso teste,*' pardon shop. (The Dean bowed graciously.) I have an aunt, Mrs. Twaddle, rich as a gal-  
leon, and, by the Lord, she has become a sudden convert to a fellow called Shuffle-bottom, and now, as she is on her death-bed, the family apprehend that all her property will be disposed of under the influence of that canting vagabond. I was written to on the subject, and was thinking of going down for a few days—"

"Thinking," interrupted Doctor Drawling,

hardly able to contain his wrath; "thinking, Mr. Stamford, said you? Why, Sir, it is base; sinful, to hesitate for a moment—be off, '*veniente occurrite morbo*'—dally not till it be too late."

"I think I shall follow your advice, Doctor Drawling; but the difficulty of travelling—liability of being stopped."

The Dean was about to break forth, when Captain Crab interrupted him. "No difficulty with passports—give you one in a second; here, Mr. Stamford, we carry them ready always; many of our active friends require them at a minute's notice; I shall fill it."

"No, no; too much trouble," said the Dean; "fill your glass, and the passport can be filled at a more convenient season;" and with a satisfied smile he showed the gallant Captain a laudable example, by making a fresh infusion of brandy, lemon, and sugar.

O'Hara easily comprehended that Stamford was obtaining a passport for his use, but even a probability of success would hardly enable him to endure the suffocating heat of his concealment. To add to his perplexity, the female

whispered that she was fainting, and the slight movement she made in endeavouring to rest against the wall, was remarked by the Dean, who inquired what it was ?

“ Oh ! rats—confound them,” replied the ready host. “ I shall share Bishop Bruno’s fate to a moral, if I live here longer ; they’ll pick you a fowl bare in five minutes, and in two nights they demolished the best Stilton I tasted this twelvemonth.”

Maugre the rapacity of rats and the ingenuity of his friends, Henry despaired of holding out for any time, when suddenly the College bugle sounded “ to arms,” and Dean Drawling and Captain Crab hastily quitted the building.

Stamford secured the door, and liberated the captives ; the poor girl, when lifted out, was nearly insensible. “ What a damned cranny you were coupled in—the black-hole of Calcutta must have been an ice-house compared to this. Ellen, my love, are you ill ?” as he kissed her affectionately, and placed her on a chair. “ Mr. O’Hara, will you attend to our friend ; every moment is precious, and before

five minutes, I hope to have you outside the walls; I shall run to Lumley, the Officer of the Guard, for the countersign, and, in my absence, don't open the door to any one;" so saying he left the room.

When alone with the young female who had been so singularly made his companion, Henry remarked that her appearance was not that of low life; her face, although not beautiful, was very interesting, and her manners were easy and agreeable. Feeling for her situation, which was evidently one that required attention, he endeavoured to calm the agitation of her spirits, and evinced a sympathy which rendered the poor girl sensible of his kindness. Woman is ever grateful, and community of misfortune speedily unites the unfortunate—such was the case with Ellen and her supporter. She raised her eyes timidly, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she replied to her companion's inquiries. "Yes, Sir, I feel much better; thanks to your humanity, I am well; and kind looks and gentle words are a cordial that Ellen Wilson has been unused to for years. Judge not too harshly of me, Mr. O'Hara, for indeed

I am to be compassionated. Those that are in the grave little imagined the fate that was reserved for their unhappy child; and oh! that I was with them, for they are at rest. My story is, indeed, an unfortunate one:—I was early bereft of my mother, and my father left the army on her decease, and settled in a wild and disturbed district in the South. His loyalty and zeal made him obnoxious to the Defenders who infested our neighbourhood, and one stormy night they surrounded the house in immense numbers; never was man braver than Wilson—he sprang from his bed, and answered their demand for arms, by shooting the foremost ruffian dead. A dreadful scene ensued—the Insurgents kept up an incessant fire; and the crashing of the windows, as they splintered to pieces with the shot which hailed against them, joined to the hellish yells of the banditti, was sufficient to appal the boldest heart. My father, cool and resolute in danger, from a window which had been made bullet-proof, and which commanded the only approach to the front, returned a constant and most destructive fire, and although the savages were

desperate and drunk, they were beginning to give way. We had one servant on whom we relied much. He had been on the point of being drowned by the upsetting of a boat, and had been rescued from the waves by his master. On this dreadful night he was placed unarmed in the rear of the house to observe the rebels. The flint of my father's gun began to fail from constant use, and he called to Henessy for a fresh one. The wretch obeyed; and, on reaching the table where the arms lay, he raised a pistol and shot his master through the heart. What followed was terrific, and I can scarcely remember it distinctly. Henessy admitted the banditti; and, after plundering and destroying all the furniture, and gashing the dead body with an hundred wounds, they set the house on fire, and burned it to the ground. How I escaped I know not; I was carried by some humane cottagers to the house of my aunt, who was the only relative I had in the world. From her unamiable disposition, and the bad character her husband bore, my father for years had avoided all intercourse with either. Cold was her reception to her destitute niece—desti-

tute in every sense, for my father's support was the small pension which ceased with his life; and every thing (my wearing apparel not excepted) had perished in the flames. I was scarcely sixteen when I was thrown upon my aunt for shelter. One year I dragged over; none can tell what I suffered. Her husband was a depraved wretch; and her naturally bad temper became horrible with continual jealousy. The brute now began to distinguish me by his attentions, and I soon found I was an object of hatred to my unfortunate aunt. The farm we lived on was the property of Mr. Stamford's father, and as his domain was close to our house, I frequently saw the young gentleman as he passed our door. One evening I was alone in the garden, when my uncle returned intoxicated from a fair, and surprised me before I was aware of his approach; he seized me in his arms, and covered my cheeks with his loathsome kisses; at that moment my aunt stood before us—the drunkard slunk away, and left me to stand the torrent of her rage—it was dreadful, indeed—and, after every opprobrious name was exhausted, heedless of my protesta-

tions of innocence, she turned me out of the house, leaving me without a friend in the wide world. I had wandered until dark, when Mr. Stamford overtook me ; he was alone, driving in a gig. Observing my distress, he stopped, and inquired what had happened ; I told him all, and he persuaded me to accompany him home, and shortly after I accepted of his protection. For the last six months I have resided with him ; and oh ! Mr. O'Hara, what a dreadful life of apprehension do I lead. Do I not depend on the caprice of a thoughtless youth ? Hitherto he has been kind and affectionate, but should he desert me, there is not a friend left from whom I might seek a refuge. Every hour I dread discovery or disaster. Stamford is the leader of the mad young men you supped with. With fine principles and many virtues, he is rash and irritable, and his life is a wild career of danger and dissipation ; his courage and cleverness have carried him through—but he comes !” and the key turned in the lock, and gave him entrance.

“ I have succeeded, and here, this paper contains the *Shibboleth* to pass both guard and



sentinel; and now for your departure." He led O'Hara to the open window. "You may have been unprovided for this rapid journey, and you will oblige me by taking from this purse what money you require—take all, if necessary, and we will let the tailor suffer for another year. Nay, I mean no offence, upon my soul. Well, as you say your treasury is in order, I wont be importunate. Here, Nell—keep the yellow boys!" and he flung the heavy purse upon the table, and throwing a rope ladder from the window, desired Henry to follow him, and in a moment both were in the Park.

Stamford led the way to the old dark building called the Anatomy House; the key he used admitted them to its gloomy "garden; all was quiet, and the young men conversed in cautious whispers. They reached the wicket which led into Nassau-street, and Henry's conductor opened the door; he paused to listen for a moment—no cause of alarm appeared—"All is safe," he murmured, "and now God speed you, my friend!" Ere Henry could reply, the

key grated in the lock, and he stood alone and at liberty.

Fortune, which hitherto had seemed systematically to impede the many attempts he had made to reach his home, now favoured the undertaking. The countersign enabled him to pass the numerous guards which formed a military cordon round the city. He found fresh relays at the different stages; and, on the following evening, he descended the high grounds which command the town of Newbridge, as the clock of the Market-house chimed four.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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Oh ! for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of night.

*Moore.*

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NEWBRIDGE is situated in a level valley, environed on every side by hills: the streets are close and narrow, and as the lines of building are unequal, the appearance of the town is gloomy and irregular. Nearly in the centre stands the market-place, a large and angular area, which the inhabitants designate by misnomer "the square." Here the extremities of the three principal streets converge, the market-house forming the point of union. In this edifice, in olden time, all the important affairs of the worthy burghers were transacted. The lower part of the building, supported by open arches, was allotted to the customary purposes

of trade, while in the upper story, quarter-sessions and manor-courts were holden. Knights for the shire were elected, absentees were bravely feasted on the joyous occasion of a septennial visit, and spinsters, old and young, delighted by the festivities of an annual race-ball.

This edifice, on this day, witnessed a scene of a different description. There a court sat in judgment on the unfortunate Major O'Hara; and within these very walls, where he had so often mingled in the ball and the banquet—where he had first whispered that faithful love which followed its object to the tomb—where his health had been toasted by the noble, and his name had been shouted by the mob—there had the summary forms of an unconstitutional law been hurried over—there a drunken jury had declared him guilty, and there a heartless judge was pronouncing the appalling sentence which consigned him in a few short hours to the scaffold.

During the preceding day, most of the resident gentry came in from the neighbourhood to the town; and from the first light of morning, the humbler classes flocked in such multitudes,

that the streets were crowded at an early hour. The guards doubled at the barrier gates—the silent, but troubled demeanour of the populace—the deserted market and closed shops, gave a portentous warning that some dark scene was about to be transacted. Although the concourse of people was immense, there was a terrible and awful stillness. Presently the sudden crash of military music arrested the attention of all, and the highland regiment which garrisoned the town issued through the castle gate, and occupied the main street. Soon after, bugles in a different direction were heard, and by parallel roads a column of infantry and squadron of cavalry appeared approaching; their advanced guards entered the town by different streets, and in a few minutes the light brigade from Blaris camp, with four field-pieces, united in the square with the Fifth Dragoons, forming a cordon round the market-house.

When these military arrangements were completed, Mr. Justice ——, escorted by a troop of mounted yeomen, arrived and took his seat upon the bench; and O'Hara, under a strong

guard, was removed from the castle, and placed at the bar.

As the carriage in which the prisoner was seated passed slowly through the dense mass which thronged the streets, every head was respectfully uncovered—every tongue cried, “God bless him!” and the females in the windows, with streaming eyes and upraised hands, called on Heaven to protect him. On reaching the court-house, the distant crowd, endeavouring to catch a view of the carriage, caused a pressure on the military, which, for a moment, threatened to break their line; and, to repel the multitude, they brought their firelocks to the charge. The imposing movement of the soldiers alarmed some women who were foremost in the mob, and who, in attempting to escape, fell down, and were in danger of being trodden over. O'Hara paused on the carriage step, and waving his hand to the populace, desired them to fall back and make way for the fugitives; and, addressing the military in a mild voice, he implored them to bear patiently with the people; for “one drop of woman's blood would stain the brightest steel

for ever." The soldiers heard him with respect, and many a blessing burst from the crowd as he descended the steps, and was conducted to the bar of Justice.

The court was already thronged to excess, and as the weather was sultry and the building badly ventilated, the Judge peremptorily commanded the Sheriff that none but such as were essentially engaged in the proceedings should be admitted. When arraigned in the accustomed form, every eye turned to the dock; the prisoner rose calmly from the chair with which he had been accommodated, and after listening attentively to the recital of the numerous counts, he bowed, and replied "Not Guilty." The plea having been recorded, the counsel for the crown opened the case.

It is not our intention, nor would it gratify the reader, to follow the trial through the detail. We shall mention, however, the most important incidents. The calm, unruffled bearing of O'Hara changed but once during six hours of agitating interest. It was when the principal witness for the prosecution was sworn. His name was Travers. Many years since,

when O'Hara, then High Sheriff for the county, was passing this man's house, a stranger placed a paper in his hand, and told him at his peril to enforce it. On examination it proved to be an execution for two hundred pounds, and O'Hara, having no alternative, followed the creditor to perform his unpleasant duty. Within the parlour sat an interesting young woman, surrounded by six lovely children, the youngest of whom was on its knees, endeavouring to lisp a prayer which its mother was repeating. O'Hara paused for a moment, desired the creditor to accompany him to the next shop, drew a cheque upon his Banker, and dismissed the claimant. He then returned to Travers's house, threw the writing into the fire, and having cancelled the debt for ever, retired amid the blessings of a family rescued from certain ruin. Travers subsequently prospered in the world, and being naturally of an enterprising turn, entered into the politics of the times, and was elected a Provincial Treasurer by the United Irishmen. Having thus obtained a considerable portion of their funds into his hands, he determined to secure the money by



betraying the party to the government—and now the first act of his apostasy was appearing against his generous benefactor. He deposed as to O'Hara's being a member of the secret society—that he was acknowledged as a leader—that he was active in forwarding the conspiracy—that he held communication with the French Republic, and lastly, that he was president of a committee, who, among other projects, contemplated the assassination of the principal persons of his Majesty's government. Although the witness underwent a long and ingenious cross-examination, such was the guarded and able testimony he gave, that the counsel failed in impeaching it. The case closed for the Crown, and the prisoner's chief defence rested on want of corroboration in the principal evidence, and his character. The Judge recapitulated the evidence, and with many strained compliments to the informer, whose conduct he placed in a heroic light, entitling him the saviour of his country, he consigned the question to the jury, who, after some trifling delay, returned a verdict of Guilty, but recommended the prisoner to mercy.

A groan of indescribable horror filled the Court, when the verdict of the jury was announced. The crowd, who waited anxiously without to catch the earliest intimation of the result, answered it with a yell of despair which was heard in the remotest extremity of New-bridge. Never will that dreadful cry—that fearful hour be forgotten! Every attempt to restore order was for a time unavailing; at last, the noise in the street gradually subsided, and the Clerk of the Crown demanding, in the usual form, why sentence of death should not be passed, and the Judge apparently much affected, putting on the fatal cap, preparatory to the discharge of his awful duty, silence was again restored.

When the dreadful question was heard by the prisoner, he rose from the chair he had for a little rested on, and stood in the front of the dock. “I looked at him,” says the writer of this memoir; “and a dark shade for a moment crossed his brow—he raised his open hand to his face, and when his arm fell, a countenance lighted up with the calm determined courage of a martyr was disclosed; his steady eye

turned on the Judge and the Law Officers who surrounded the bench, and in a voice, whose full deep tones went to every heart, he spoke thus—

“ The verdict of twelve men have just now declared me guilty; they should have been indifferently and impartially chosen—how far they have been so, I leave to that country from which they have been selected to determine; how far they have discharged their duty, I leave to their God and to themselves. They have, in pronouncing their verdict, thought proper to recommend me as an object of humane mercy; and, in return, I pray to God, if they have erred, to have mercy upon them\*. The Judge who is about to speak my doom, sheds tears—for this sympathy, I thank him; but, whether he did wisely in so highly commending the wretched apostate who swore away my life, I leave to his own cool reflection, solemnly assuring him, and all the world, with my dying breath, that the informer is forsworn. The law under which I suffer is certainly a severe one! May the makers and promoters of

\* Vide William Orr's speech at his execution.

it be justified in the integrity of their motives, and the purity of their own lives. By that law I am stamped a felon, but my heart disdains the imputation; my independent fortune, my unpretending habits, and my retired life, will best refute the charge of being an adventurer for plunder. But, if to have loved my country, and to have loved it well—to have known its wrongs, and been anxious to remove them—to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics, and to have united with them, and men of all other religious persuasions, in the most orderly and least sanguinary means of procuring redress—if those be felonies, I am a felon, but not otherwise. Had my counsel (for whose bold and honourable exertions I am indebted) prevailed in their motion to have me tried for high-treason, rather than under the insurrection law, I should have been entitled to a fair and full defence, and my actions better vindicated; but this was refused by the court, and I bow to its decree. One door of safety was, indeed, opened—one haven of refuge pointed out—life and liberty were guaranteed, and, by shedding the blood of those who

had confided in me, mine could have been spared; but, though the tenant of a dungeon, I blushed at the infamy of the offer, and I slept calmly, for conscience did not accuse me of treachery to man, and treason to God. And now, my lord, while I here declare, that all the world could offer would not bribe me to apostasy—while I solemnly promise, that whatever passed between me and those in concert with whom I acted, and which was confided to me under the seal of good faith and secrecy, shall descend with me inviolate to the grave—let me not in my last hours be insulted by offers of degradation, and let no idle attempt be made to veil the atrocity of legal murder, by extorting admissions from me, which hereafter might be tortured into confessions of my guilt; if I did believe myself guilty, I would freely confess it; but, on the contrary, I glory in my innocence. One request more, my Lord, and it is the last I shall ever ask from mortal man, for now my petitions shall be addressed to my God." O'Hara paused for a moment; heavy but suppressed sobs were heard beside him,

and, on looking round, he saw they proceeded from the Highland Officer who was placed in the dock to guard him. In a few moments he continued—"I have been a soldier, and have served my country honourably ; all I ask from the Government is, a soldier's death, and if they will accede to my last prayer, I will gratefully acknowledge myself their debtor. One tie to this world is still unbroken, and I could have wished to have given my beloved boy his father's last love and parting blessing.—" For a little he appeared to labour under strong feeling, but he recovered himself, and proceeded—"I bequeath him the friendship of my dear friends, and, I trust, an honourable name and example. May he love his country as I have loved it, and may he die for it as cheerfully, if it be required. I beg my virtuous countrymen will bear me in their kind remembrance, and continue true and faithful to each other, as I have been to them. With this last wish, and nothing doubting of the success of the cause for which I am about to suffer, I hope for God's merciful forgiveness of

my offences, and in all sincerity of heart, I will part in peace and charity with all my fellow men !”

Amid a scene of lamentation and distress, the Judge passed the awful sentence of the law, his cold manner and frigid tones ill according with the feeling he had affected while the prisoner was addressing him. He regretted that the recommendation of the Jury could not be attended to, pleading that the exigency of the State required the sword of justice to fall with unusual sharpness on the guilty. He was proceeding to defend the severe measures resorted to by the executive, when suddenly an unusual noise was heard—it grew still louder, and appeared to be approaching ;—the name of O'Hara was shouted by a thousand voices. The Judge became pale and agitated, and after a momentary pause, as if to recollect himself, announced, in the general form, that the execution should take place on the morrow! The tumult waxed louder and louder, and just as the awful words of “ Lord have mercy on your soul!” were ut-

tered, the military who kept the door, gave way—a man rushed madly forward—the crowd opened to let the stranger pass—he sprang into the dock, and sunk lifeless in the convict's arms!

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## CHAPTER IX.

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But all would not avail,  
Well-a-day! well-a-day!  
His deeds did not prevail,  
More was the pity.  
He was condemned to die  
For treason, certainly;  
But God, that sits on high,  
Knoweth all things.

*A lamentable ditty of the Earl of Essex, 1601.*

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WHEN the fate of Major O'Hara was known, the houses and shops in Newbridge were closed by general consent, and such of the inhabitants as could effect it immediately abandoned the town. The troops continued under arms in the streets, and expresses were despatched to the camp at Blaris for a reinforcement, and during the night two regiments arrived, making the number of the garrison upwards of four thousand men. Even this immense military force

did not remove apprehension, and restore confidence in Newbridge. All without, was alarm—all within, indignation and grief. There was one place, indeed, the tranquillity of which remained undisturbed, and that was the prison of O'Hara.

Physical courage, a philosophic disposition, and long-subdued and regulated passions, supported him in this his hour of trial, and enabled him to meet his fate with calmness and serenity. His temporal affairs had been already sedulously arranged, and he devoted his short remaining time to an affectionate intercourse with those whom he was about to leave, and in preparation for that new state of being on which he would speedily enter. The bandit has smiled upon the rack, the felon jested with his executioner, and the Indian, when his torturers were tired, has slept in the interval of his torment. This may have been the effect of native bravery, schooled in habitual danger, or united to mental insensibility; but the courage which raised O'Hara above the terrors of the scaffold, nor deserted him until "the bitterness of death was passed," sprang from a loftier source.

It was not the morbid hardihood of the infidel, nor the feverish excitation of the visionary ; it was not the mean ambition to be the wonder of a party, or the martyr of a creed ; it was not even that genuine, unadulterated enthusiasm which descends from a luminous head to a burning heart, and impels the spirit of man to exertions greatly good, or unequivocally great\* ; no—it *was* the calm composure which rational religion *alone* can bestow—that blessed certainty of an existence hereafter, and the cheering hope that mercy rests with God, and atonement with his Son!

During the night he enjoyed several hours of tranquil and refreshing sleep ; and, in the morning, arose early, and dressed with his customary neatness. From the window of the anti-room he occasionally looked at the arrangements which were making for his execution, and without embarrassment conversed with his numerous friends on general topics. When the officer of the guard announced that the sentence of the court would be carried into effect

\* Original Prospectus of the Association of United Irishmen, June, 1791.

at noon, O'Hara received the intelligence with unmoved composure, and having returned him thanks for the kindness he had experienced while under his charge, he intimated to his friends that he wished to be left alone with his son, and embracing them, bade them a solemn but dignified farewell. What occurred at the last interview of the O'Haras was never known; but it was observed from that hour, that the grief of the younger, which had bordered on phrensy, subsided to an awful calmness, and that his final parting with his father was endured with heroic fortitude. Whether it was the unnatural "composure of settled distress," or a powerful nervous exertion, none could tell; but it was remarked, that afterwards he followed him to the grave without visible emotion, and saw the earth fall upon his coffin without shedding a tear!

Soon after the clock struck twelve, the melancholy procession issued on foot from the Castle. The troops, in deep files, formed a hollow square; beyond this barrier of bayonets, the cavalry occupied a considerable space, and the people, in countless multitudes, filled every

spot, however distant, from which a view of the scaffold could be obtained. In the centre of the square, a rude platform, with the usual apparatus of death, had been erected. On reaching this, a considerable delay occurred; and O'Hara, betraying some impatience, requested that the scene should be hurried to its close. The interruption of the fatal business was explained to him:—the common executioner, who for many years had resided in the prison, practising his fearful trade with perfect indifference, had escaped from his cell, having scrawled upon the walls with chalk his determination not to be the shedder of innocent blood. After some time, a Negro, belonging to a military band, was procured; and O'Hara having assisted the trembling wretch to complete the necessary preparation, and spent a few moments in silent prayer, gave the fatal signal, and the platform fell. No parting pang appeared to convulse him—no struggle was perceptible—apoplexy ensued the moment of suspension, and instantaneous death succeeded.

After the time required by law had elapsed,

the military left the ground, and the body of the deceased was placed at the disposal of his friends. It was expected that a scene of tumult would occur, from the natural anxiety of the populace to see in death him whom in life they had admired; but, acting evidently under previous arrangements, they waited with respectful silence until a bier, arrayed with white plumes, and canopied with laurel boughs, emblematical of innocence and valour, was brought forward to receive the corpse. It was then conveyed in solemn procession to a neighbouring meeting-house, where, in a private room, many ingenious plans of resuscitation were tried. When those were found inefficient, the body was laid in state on tressels beneath the pulpit, from which a Dissenting Minister pronounced a glowing eulogy on the deceased. The hair was divided with scrupulous exactness among the numerous mourners, and the clothes of the "Martyr of Liberty" were shared among the populace, who treasured their hallowed shreds with equal devotion to the devotee when possessed of the relics of a patron Saint. After

remaining exposed to public view for three days, the remains of O'Hara were embalmed, and deposited by torch-light in the tomb of his fathers; and it was calculated that thirty thousand men attended the funeral to the shores of the Lake.

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## CHAPTER X.

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Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
 Had lock'd the source of softer woe ;  
 And burning pride, and high disdain,  
 Forbade the rising tear to flow.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

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[HERE the Editor of these Memoirs thinks it advisable to suppress a few passages of the original MS. Names of persons still alive occur, and events are alluded to which might even yet be disagreeable to individual feelings. Care has been taken to prevent the narrative from becoming confused, and the *lituræ* shall be as limited as possible.]

It is impossible to describe the sensation which the death of Major O'Hara occasioned. The popularity of the sufferer—the amiable tenor of his private life, and the undoubted



purity of principle which characterized his public actions, obtained the sympathy of those who, in a political view, were his enemies. They condemned the party, but admired the man. What then must have been the sentiments of the Revolutionists? With them he was accounted a martyr—his name was never uttered but with tears, while imprecations deep and deadly were showered on those who, in the remotest degree, were considered accessory to his death. The enthusiasm with which the memory of this popular idol was cherished, may be estimated from one simple fact. The rings, broaches, and other trinkets, commemorative of his death, circulated throughout the kingdom, were calculated to exceed one hundred thousand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The calmness with which Henry O'Hara submitted to his father's death was a subject of surprise to all. Whatever might have been his secret sufferings, there was in his outward bearing that cold and morbid sadness which might be equally the consequence of Stoic

fortitude or mental apathy. Among the numbers who offered him their condolence, none alluded to the late calamitous event, without exhibiting the deepest sorrow, while any momentary feeling the young O'Hara might betray was speedily controlled—the suppressed sigh was hardly audible, and the passing flush which coloured his pale cheek, faded before it could be noticed. The remarks on this strange and ominous tranquillity were very different; some attributed the calmness of his grief to religious fortitude—more imagined it to be that stupor produced by oppressive anguish, which paralyzes the faculties, and requires time to mark its intensity. Others, however, held an opposite opinion: they suspected that appearances were deceitful, and that beneath this unnatural serenity rage and desperate revenge were masked—and that the time was not far off when this unearthly calm would burst into a tornado.

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*	*	*	*	*

An event occurred which occupied the attention of all. Travers, whom it will be recollected,

was the principal evidence for the Crown on the trial of Major O'Hara, was murdered in his own house. The manner of his death was singularly mysterious. His residence was a short distance from Newbridge; but since the execution of O'Hara, he abandoned his dwelling, and, for security, occupied apartments in the Castle, which had been allotted to him by the government. On the day of his death, finding it necessary to remove some valuables from his house, he applied for a guard, and, escorted by a party of dragoons, left the town, accompanied by his wife. Having transacted the business which engaged him, he prepared to return. The horsemen were mounting in the yard, and Travers, in imaginary safety, exclaimed, "Now my enemies may do their worst." Suddenly the light became obscured, and on raising his eyes to the darkened window, he perceived a man deliberately levelling a gun—"Lord have mercy on me!" shrieked the unfortunate wretch. "Amen!" a deep, full voice responded, as the piece flashed and the victim of his own treachery fell dead in his wife's arms. Alarmed by the report, the

troopers rushed into the house—an instant but unsuccessful pursuit was made—no trace of the murderer could be found, no clue to unravel this desperate assassination could be discovered. Rewards and threats proved unavailing, and the most vigorous exertions of the government for several days terminated without removing the fearful mystery which marked this dark transaction.

On the fifth of June, the intelligence of the death of Lord Edward Fitzstevens was received. He had lingered for some time in Newgate, and, notwithstanding every attention was shown him in prison, he sunk under his wounds. Thus, in the course of a few days, the revolutionary party had to lament the loss of the two leaders on whom their chief dependence rested. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

The same apathy was observable in the manner in which O'Hara received at the same time the news of the death of his friend and enemy. The discordancy of political feelings had not interrupted the friendship of William Thornton

for the melancholy heir of Castle Carra; he frequently visited him, and it devolved upon him to acquaint Henry with these remarkable events. When informed of the death of Lord Edward, his features for a moment were marked with deep emotion, and he walked aside to the dark recess in which the Gothic casement was placed. In a short time he returned to the table, and with a countenance, whose serenity appeared to have sustained no recent disturbance, listened attentively to the detail which Thornton gave of the last hours of the unfortunate nobleman. To the account of Travers' mysterious death, he betrayed unaccountable indifference. He coolly inquired if the *executioner* was known, and remarking that the world had lost a superlative villain, turned the conversation to a common-place subject.

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The insurrection was now raging in the south, and murder and rapine marked the progress of the rebel armies. It was expected that the flame would burst out simultaneously in all the provinces, but the death or arrest of many of

the insurgent chiefs occasioned a confusion of plans and measures, which, in a great degree, rendered the attempt abortive; and while it saved an immensity of bloodshed, enabled the government, by counteracting means, to destroy the force of the conspiracy. Nothing could exceed the state of horror and alarm which pervaded Ulster; numbers of the north-erns sought shelter in England and Scotland, and those who remained, prepared for an immediate scene of anarchy and slaughter. Amidst the general dismay, Castle Carra enjoyed an awful tranquillity. Every house assumed an attitude of defence, and all was military preparation; but O'Hara's mansion seemed the house of peace, and himself a voluntary and contented recluse. \* \* \* \*

Amongst those who suspected that the cold feelings of O'Hara, which some called apathy, and others resignation, were assumed, was his friend Thornton, and he determined to seize the first favourable opportunity of ascertaining the truth. He remarked that while speaking of neighbouring occurrences, Henry betrayed a furtive curiosity, especially when the owner of

Belvue and his fair bride were casually spoken of. Arguing from this that there were human events to which he was not so insensible as many imagined, he rode to Castle Carra on the evening of the 6th of June, resolved to be explicit with his friend on this delicate subject.

He found him, as usual, sitting in the library; he was not, however, alone, for a tall elderly female, attired in deep mourning, was standing beside the table, talking with uncommon energy, when Thornton, with the freedom which habits of long intimacy warranted, entered the apartment without the customary form of being preceded by a servant. The speaker suddenly paused, and turned a keen and penetrating glance on the stranger, and repeating with marked emphasis an impressive "Remember," passed through an opposite door, and left the young men together.

O'Hara appeared gratified by his friend's visit, and lifting the untasted wine, filled a glass. "I am glad, William, you are come over; I wanted courage singly to attack the bottle, but with your assistance we shall get on

better. You interrupted a *tête-à-tête*," and a sickly smile lighted his pale face.

"To be candid, my dear Harry, I cannot pretend to compliment you on your selection of a companion; for, between ourselves, that Alice More, or, I beg her pardon, Mrs. or Miss Maguire—(I hope the door is shut,) is a ——; in short, like every thing about this house, there is a particular mystery attends this respectable gentlewoman. Some say she is a witch, and others a maniac; and all agree that she is a most unlucky character to meet in the morning. To the latter I can bear most satisfactory testimony; I had the honour of meeting her on two occasions—on the first, as we were going to draw the cover of Blacklan for a fox, she bolted from a by-road. I intended to be civil, and told her we should have a rattling ring. 'All's well that ends well,' she croaked in reply, and soon after Meteor made a mistake at a double ditch, cracked my collar bone, and I lost the rest of the season by it. On the day of our second interview, my gun burst, and I escaped by a miracle. What's the odds against my tumbling into the lake, or meeting some



untoward mishap? Have you a counter charm?"

"Nay, William, don't quiz poor Alice—she has had her misfortunes, and therefore is the fitter companion for the last of the O'Haras."

"*The last of the O'Haras!* Has she been doseing you with divination? For shame, Harry; would you attend to her absurd speculations;—so, she was telling your fortune when I surprised you."

"She has told it, and a gloomy one it is!—But let us have done with Alice. You were giving me a curious account of that singular marriage of Miss De Clifford when Moutray interrupted us yesterday. Pray continue it; for late events"—and he sighed heavily—"have banished more trivial matters."

"Well, I told you how astonished I felt when M'Culloch invited me to officiate as bridesman; what made him select me was extraordinary; I always disliked him, and he knew it, for I never took any trouble to conceal my sentiments. Curiosity induced me to attend the doughty bridegroom. In the conduct of the whole affair

haste and mystery were evident; her Ladyship condescended to elucidate part of the proceedings, as she whispered to me something of 'times being awful and unsettled, and anxiety for dear Emily made her waive the usual ceremonials, and expedite the marriage.' I shall never forget the look of the bride. She did not join us until the moment when the bridal rites were about to be commenced, and as the ceremony was performed in the evening, few of the company could observe her appearance. I was beside her when she knelt, and when the veil was withdrawn to receive the nuptial salutation, never shall I forget the countenance that was displayed. *There* was no maiden trepidation—*there* was no bridal timidity, but disgust and despair were too powerful for concealment. Her mother frequently whispered during the ceremony, and I once heard the words 'for my sake—for your own.' The carriage was waiting at the door to convey the bride to her husband's splendid house, and her immediate departure prevented further observation. It is rumoured and believed that every thing short of force was used by Lady Sarah to obtain her

daughter's reluctant consent; and since the marriage, either from the perilous state of the times or some unknown cause, the M'Cullochs have been rarely in public. Parties at Belvue have been frequent, but as these are entirely confined to the male sex, the lady has seldom honoured them with her presence."

Thornton ceased speaking as the post-bag was handed in, and their attention was directed another way. The contents of the Dublin Gazette was most alarming. Munster and Leinster had risen *en masse*; and although the rebels had been generally repulsed, they had in two instances been fatally successful. Colonel Walpole had been surprised and defeated at Tubberneering, and at Oulart a detachment of the North Cork Militia had been cut to pieces. While engaged in reading this disastrous intelligence, the door through which Alice More had retired, opened, and that strange personage glided into the room. She confronted O'Hara, and observed him with a look of peculiar meaning for a moment. He raised his eyes to hers. "It is true," he exclaimed. "The hour is come," she muttered, as she left the chamber,

without appearing to observe that Thornton was beside her.

“ Well, why in the devil’s name is that old vampire roaming about the house ? If there be not a sulphureous smell in the library—faugh ! But in solemn seriousness I wish to speak to you, Harry. There is a strange inexplicable manner—a reserve, distrust, mystery, or whatever you please to call it, about yourself and your mansion, that has set the world gossiping. Your best and warmest friends have noticed it, and I determined, *coûte qui coûte*, to sport my opinion the first opportunity, and—”

O’Hara coolly added, “ read the riddle for the edification of the lovers of marvel and mystery. And must I be accountable to the world for my feelings—and shall the rabble take cognizance of the motives of my actions. The world and I have parted for ever—to its praise or censure I am insensible—let it dislike or malign me, we are then equal ; for mankind generally have my fixed abhorrence and unmeasured contempt.”

As O’Hara uttered this rhapsody, the venerable porter knocked at the door, and announced

that a lady was in the drawing-room, and requested a few minutes' conversation with his master.

“ Do you know her? Has she sent in her name?”

“ No, Sir; she scarcely waited to give me her commands until she entered the room, and shut the door.”

“ This is indeed a strange visiter,” said O'Hara, as he rose from his chair. “ What would the world say of this, William?”

“ That it was most extraordinary, and fully justified their allegations. Pray, make this interview as short as possible, for it grows duskish, and I must soon return to town.”

Since his return to Castle Carra, Henry had never left the apartments which had been occupied by his late father. The fading twilight shone gloomily through the hall windows, the dark colouring of the glass scarcely allowing the feeble ray to penetrate. “ It is indeed a late hour for a lonely female to visit this melancholy house,” thought O'Hara, as he stood before the drawing-room door. “ Some unfortunate like myself, for none other would come here; it is the call of misery, and I must

answer it." He paused as he entered—it had been his mother's favourite sitting-room, and memorials of the deceased were numerous. The musical instruments—Indian cabinets, and all the articles of ornamental furniture, recalled her memory. Above the high chimney-piece, portraits of both his parents were suspended; he gazed for a moment on the outlines of those loved forms, when a heavy sigh reminded him of the object of his coming. The unknown was standing in the deep recess of a Gothic casement, and although partially concealed by the drapery which fell in ample folds from the ceiling to the floor, O'Hara could perceive that the figure was youthful, and her attire rich and elegant. Resolving to abridge this unsought for interview, he respectfully inquired what had occasioned him the honour of an unexpected visit, and delicately alluding to the recent calamity rendering all communication with strangers unpleasant, he begged to be favoured with her commands. He stood with his arms folded across his breast—there was a moment of embarrassing silence. At length a voice, whose sweet tones were well remembered, slowly replied—

“ I came, Henry, to apprise you of imminent danger ; I accidentally overheard the conversation of a stranger who was officially communicating the expected rising of the Northern rebels to my father ; your name was mentioned as their intended chief, and your immediate arrest was determined on. Castle Carra will shortly be visited by the military. You are the best judge how far this intelligence affects you ; and, as the time is short, I have taken a step which the world will heavily censure in thus forgetting the delicacy of my sex, in my anxiety to warn you promptly of impending peril.”

She spoke with considerable difficulty, agitated by feelings too powerful to be controlled. The first impulse of O'Hara had placed him by her side : for a moment he looked on her beautiful face—for a moment he pressed her to his throbbing breast—and, as he led her to a sofa, her trembling hand and tottering step betrayed the poignancy of her emotions—

“ And is there still a being in existence to whom the fate of Henry O'Hara is not indifferent ? Is there one to step between him and

his doom? and that one Constance Loftus? Alas! fond girl; your kindness only lacerates a wretched heart. I imagined that between me and mortality every tie was snapped, and, in this desperate conviction, believed that the whole world could now afford no pleasure but the satisfaction of accomplished vengeance; but nature triumphs, and amid the chaos of a desolated bosom, the smouldering sparks of love lie unextinguished." (He paused.) "Yes, Constance, you conquer in my weakness; and the tear which anguish, and misery, and madness could never force, is offered to you." His head sunk upon his hand, and for a few moments there was an awful and breathless silence. "Constance," he said, in a voice of peculiar sadness, "you have entered the house of mourning probably on the last night its devoted master will sit within those walls which for centuries have sheltered his forefathers—and now the best, the latest love of one who felt for you as a brother, and all the remnant of mortal feeling which this chilled and withered breast yet holds, are offered as a poor memento of how fondly a miserable man, amid the total



shipwreck of his fortunes, estimated your sisterly affection."

"Henry, for God's sake, do not utter these words of insanity—of despair—all may be yet well. I came to warn you, and I came to counsel; if you say truly, if you prize my happiness, grant me one request, and for life Constance Loftus holds herself your debtor." She raised her eyes, streaming in tears, and looked on him in speechless entreaty; she watched the changes of his face—it flushed, but speedily recovered its wan and marble hue.

"Alas! dear Constance, can one so desolate as I have aught to offer? Say, what are your wishes, and I swear, if it be possible, whatever you ask shall be done."

"Then all will yet be well: if you are not concerned in this horrible conspiracy, for your own sake, for mine, publicly announce your innocence; come with me to Loftus Hall—there one who loves you as a mother will bid you welcome; and my father and brother will be proud to restore to his Sovereign one whose name and talents would have been so formidable as an enemy. But, dearest Henry, if in-

deed, you are connected with these desperate men, retire from this dreadful undertaking—renounce your associates—and all that grateful love can give—” (A deep blush coloured her cheeks, and when she ventured to lift her eyes never had fancy pictured any thing like the terrible character of the countenance which was turned upon her.) “Gracious God! Henry, dear Henry, oh! look not thus—there is something too dreadful, too desperate for utterance.”

“There is, indeed,” he solemnly replied. “Poor girl, you little know the impossibility of your entreaty. Enemies may be reconciled—acts of petty aggression be forgotten—Nature herself may change her course—and animals renounce their habits and antipathies—but, until his vow of vengeance is paid to the very letter, never must Henry O'Hara enter into the haunts of men.” He rose abruptly and crossed the room to where the picture of his father hung, and gazed in gloomy silence on the canvass. Lady Constance followed him, and grasped his hand—

“Henry, I conjure you by all you once loved

—by your mother's memory—by your father's ashes—”

He started, and in a voice of desperate calmness, interrupted her—“ What would you ask me to become? Have I not sworn to avenge a father's murder? Have I not waited with Indian patience until the hour of retribution came? Have I not suffered the dreaming world to brand me as a dastard, and, Brutus like, under outward apathy, concealed the rage of hatred and revenge? And now, for what would I abandon the fixed purpose of my soul?”

“ *Me!* dearest Henry.” (Her arm for support leaned upon his shoulder—her burning face reclined upon his breast.) “ Yes, Henry, despise me if you will, when with all a woman's madness, I own my weakness and my love. Let me go with you—whither, I care not—if an exile, I will share your solitude; if a wanderer, I will be your companion; superior to my sex's softness, I will brave death and danger—cold or climate shall not deter me. Speak, Henry, speak my doom.”

There was a long, a dreadful pause; and,

when O'Hara's voice broke this harrowing silence, it was to tell her that hope was blighted.

“Constance, this last scene was only wanting to make my cup of misery flow over—it was but wanting to know that a heart which, might I possess the treasure, I would esteem the highest of human bliss was mine, and that I must reject its possession. Hear me, if what I am about to speak be not too horrible for gentle ears to listen to—hear and judge, fond girl, of him whose hand you would accept—of him whose destinies you would share—I am a devoted, desperate man; I have no heart to give you, for mine sorrow and suffering have seared to the core; I have no hand to offer, for mine is plighted to the dead!” He paused to look on the forlorn being who trembled in his arms, and continued—“My course must be marked by blood and tears, and misery will walk in my footsteps; the bosom you rest upon is racked by anguish, and the arm which encircles you will soon be red with slaughter. Such is my dark destiny, and nothing earthly can avert it!”

“And is there no hope left?”

“None! so pardon me, Heaven! In the hour of darkness I stood beside my father’s bier—I pressed his cold and clammy lips with mine—I held his icy hand in my burning grasp, and swore that his blood should not call in vain for vengeance—I solemnly devoted his enemies to the grave, and Heaven and Hell were invoked to attest my oath!—and shall I forget it it—have I forgotten it? How long did the apostate Travers survive his victim?”

“And you—*murdered* him?”

“No, Constance, I have reserved myself for nobler objects, but I devoted him, and the deed *was done!*” At this moment a gleam of sparkling light flashed from the summit of an adjacent hill—O’Hara pointed to the blaze—“There, Constance, there is the signal, and the work of death begins; and now, a long farewell—my *own, adored* Constance, adieu for ever.” He madly strained to her breast. She felt his heart beat, and again and again his burning lips pressed hers. “It is the last kiss of desperate love,” he muttered; and, as if afraid to trust his resolution, was rushing from the room, when suddenly the door opened, and the dark

form of Alice More stood in the entrance. She waved her arm as she exclaimed, in a voice of anger and derision—"Up, dreamer! or will you wait until your enemies are on you. The troopers are crossing the bridge, and in a few minutes escape will be impossible."

"Are the horses ready?"

"Yes."

"Constance, our departure must be instant."

"I am ready," she faintly replied, and leaning on his arm, they left the room together.

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## CHAPTER XI.

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Or love me less, or love me more ;  
And play not with my liberty .  
Either take all, or all restore ,  
Bind me at least, or set me free.  
Let me some nobler torture find  
Than of a doubtful, wavering mind :  
Take all my peace! but you betray  
Mine honour too, this cruel way.

'Tis true that I have nursed before  
That hope, of which I now complain ;  
And having little, sought no more,  
Fearing to meet with your disdain.  
The sparks of favour you did give,  
I gently blew, to make them live ;  
And yet have gained, by all my care,  
No rest in hope, nor in despair!

*Sidney Godolphin.*

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NEVER was woman's love more passionate or pure than that of Lady Constantia for O'Hara. He had been the object of her childish affections; with increasing years the "sacred flame" was unconsciously fostered; and it was only

when the world believed he was about to be united to another, that the fond girl knew how ardently she loved him. Pride and honourable feeling told her that he should be forgotten; she combated the fatal passion,

“ And deep within her throbbing breast  
She locked the struggling sigh to rest—”

when, to the surprise of all, her supposed rival entered into other engagements, and again she suffered herself to indulge the hope that the course of her “true love might yet run smooth.” The political convulsions of the country became more violent, and the fortunes of O'Hara's house entangled with the troubles of the day; disasters followed each other in quick succession, and a lamentable catastrophe closed the scene. Amid accumulating distress, the rooted love of the gentle girl clung with unabated ardour to its cause, and she dared, in the despondency of her lover, to do what, if fortune smiled upon him, female delicacy would have forbidden.

“ O'Hara led her through the armed groups who waited for their leader, and placed her in the saddle. Leaving her for a moment, he



spoke apart to Thornton, who was loudly calling for his horse; what passed, could not be heard distinctly, but she conjectured that she was herself the subject of their conversation. The words and manner of Thornton confirmed it as he walked towards her—

“ By the true Lord, I believe the world has gone mad by general consent; trust me, that with my life I shall protect the lady home; but from this hour, you and I, Mr. O'Hara, must be no longer acquainted—I hold no fellowship with traitors.”

A melancholy smile was the only effect produced by this angry speech on the person to whom it was addressed. Some of the armed body, who had not been too far off to hear the remark, assumed a threatening attitude, and the words “ tyrant,” “ Orangeman,” were harshly returned. Thornton, unawed by numbers, made “ fierce reply,” when O'Hara ordered them to move, and casting glances of defiance on the bold loyalist, they rode slowly towards the mountains. One of the republicans as he passed, taunted the irritated loyalist by singing a Jacobite song.

Thornton, with peculiar bitterness, called after them—"Adieu, for the present; I trust to meet you soon with a dozen of rattling red-coats at my back, when, by the blessing of God, I'll score "The Protestant boys" on the musical gentleman's skull, if his lady wife has left ever a corner ungarnished."

This allusion to the unlucky horseman's spouse, was too direct not to effectually silence his melody; and, with a peal of laughter at their comrade's discomfiture, the rebel party disappeared.

Once more Henry O'Hara stood beside his rejected mistress—he held her hand in his, and whispered a fervent blessing. She answered not, but a faint and tremulous pressure was returned, and one last look of parting agony spoke her anguish and affection. Thornton was already mounted, and while his eye flashed with anger and disdain, he waved his arm impatiently, and in a broken voice requested Lady Constance to proceed.

"Will you not give me your hand, William?"

"No, Sir," was the haughty reply; "I hold no friendship with a rebel." He rode on

sullenly—his gentle companion followed, when suddenly reining up his horse, he exclaimed, “ God bless you, Harry, you are a lost man !” and seizing Lady Constantia’s bridle, he pushed forward at a quick pace, and was soon concealed by the trees.

With folded arms, the rebel chief stood where his lost friend and mistress had left him. “ They are gone,” he said, “ and the pang of parting is over ; and now, house of my fathers ! let me look on you for the last time.” He looked upon buttress and battlement till the voice of Alice More broke his gloomy reverie—

“ Yes, O’Hara, well may your aching eye wander over the ancient building, for never more will its grey roof shelter you from the storm—like all things mortal, its hour of dissolution comes, and its honours shall be laid in the dust. Many an O’Hara within those dark walls drew his first breath, and many there have sobbed their passing sigh ; often have the bridal candles glanced through loop and casement ; and often the funeral torches glared upon hatchment and plume ! but the last of the race is fated, proud tower, to see thy overthrow !”

As she spoke, a man rode hastily to where they stood, and springing to the ground, exclaimed that "the enemy was at hand." They listened, and the tramp of the distant cavalry was heard distinctly. In a moment, Henry was in the saddle, and at a rapid pace pursued the direction his armed associates had taken.

At a small hamlet, some eight or ten miles distant, the rebel leaders were to meet that night in council. They had hesitated to raise their followers, until assured that the south was up in arms; and many of the northern conspirators were for postponing taking the field until the succours expected from France had landed; but the summary and severe measures of the Government alarmed them, and aware that longer delay would expose them to arrest and danger, they resolved to risk all, and openly appear in arms. Orders were accordingly issued for the adjoining districts to rise, and the chiefs were now collected to determine where the first blow should be struck.

As O'Hara and his small escort rode through the mountains, fires blazing on the high grounds, and the sounding of distant horns, proclaimed

the insurrection to have broken out. The road they had chosen ran through a gorge of the hills, and afforded a safer route than the leveller path beneath them. On gaining the summit of the pass, they halted for a moment to let their horses breathe, and the leader turned his eyes back to catch a distant view of his once happy home. The night was not dark, and the broad surface of the lakes sparkled faintly in the trembling star-light. In vain he sought a clearer view of the dark towers of Castle Carra—the mists had risen on the low grounds, and concealed the object of his research. Suddenly a feeble ray twinkled where his eye rested—it soon fell in steady light upon the bosom of the waters, and tree and shrub were tinged with ruddy light—every moment it waxed stronger, and in the vivid glare the Castle became visible, when, to the horror of all, a red column of living fire mounted to the sky, and it became apparent that the building was in flames!

Motionless the last lord of Castle Carra gazed on the awful conflagration. From the immense quantity of timber used in the construction of the edifice, it soon became a mass of fire, and in an

incredibly short space of time its destruction was completed. The rebel party had in vain entreated him to proceed; and, alarmed at the delay, they pointed out the necessity of despatch, to prevent their journey from being interrupted. For some minutes, as if under the influence of fascination, he continued gazing on the ruin of the pile, when, as if awaking from a dream, he suddenly turned from the scene of devastation, and spurring his horse forward, rode silently and swiftly to the place of rendezvous.

The absence of O'Hara from the rebel council had been remarked and regretted by the other leaders. The exigency of their affairs required that instant measures should be adopted, and after much deliberation it was determined to attack the town of Antrim. Many reasons concurred to render the possession of this place a primary object with the insurgents. It would form a point of union for the rebel forces to concentrate; and the governors and magistracy of the county having advertised a general meeting to be holden there on the following day, to surprise them and secure their persons, would

be to possess themselves of valuable hostages, who might hereafter be used as circumstances should demand.

A difficulty, however, now unexpectedly occurred, and it required delicate management to remove it. There was no chief commander appointed, and where all claimed similar rank, their equal pretensions would naturally occasion an unpleasant discussion. A member was addressing the council—he spoke of the irreparable loss they had sustained by the deaths of Lord Edward and O'Hara. Alluding to the unfortunate nobleman, “He is gone,” said he, “the hope of Ireland, the rock of her reliance—and had our own martyr been spared!—who shall take his place?”

“His son!” exclaimed a loud voice from without, and Henry stood before them. All felt the difficulty happily removed, and by acclamation the young rebel was appointed to the chief command.

While the insurgents were thus engaged, the loyalists were not idle. Treachery, which blighted every attempt of the republicans, had betrayed the intended rising to their enemies,

and General Nugent, on learning that the town of Antrim would be attacked, took the necessary steps to defend it.

A strong light battalion, under the command of Colonels Clavering and Lumley, consisting of the sixty-fourth regiment, the light companies of the Kerry, Dublin, Tipperary, Armagh, and Monaghan militias; two hundred of the twenty-second Light Dragoons, with two curricule guns and two five-and-half inch howitzers, moved from the camp at Blaris—while a regiment of infantry, with part of the twenty-second Dragoons and the Belfast Cavalry, marched on the town by Carmoney and Templepatrick. Orderlies were also despatched to inform Major Seddon, who commanded the garrison of Antrim, of the intended attack, and of the reinforcements which were going to his assistance.

Early in the day, O'Hara having completed his arrangements, issued his orders to the respective leaders, who soon after advanced upon the town. The insurgents moved in four columns to the attack—three by the Belfast, Ballyclare, and Ballamena roads; and the last,



which formed the rebel reserve, by Shanes Castle and Dunoilty.

Antrim, from Lord Massareen's castle to the extremity of the Scots Quarter, is nearly a mile long; in the centre is the church, which, standing on high ground, and being surrounded by a strong wall, commands the streets at either side. At the end of the Scots Quarter, the Belfast and Ballyclare roads converge, and here the rebel columns united, at the same moment that the advanced guard of the royalists, commanded by the Honourable Colonel Lumley, crossed the bridge at the opposite extremity of the town, and occupied the main street. Their guns were in position in front, with infantry on the flanks, and the cavalry formed in the rear.

When the head of the rebel column appeared, the guns opened on it with case-shot at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards; but, unchecked by the cannonade, the insurgents advanced steadily. Supported by a rapid and well-directed discharge of musketry, their six-pounder was brought forward. The gun was admirably served, but after the second dis-

charge, the recoil injured its carriage, and rendered it useless. O'Hara ordered the pikemen to advance, and the rebel musketry rushed forward, and took possession of the churchyard. The royalists were obliged to retire, and to cover the retreat of the guns, the cavalry were ordered to charge. This they did with great gallantry, but in passing the churchyard, they were exposed to a murderous fire, and in the short space of two minutes, one half their number were left dead upon the street.

The success of the rebels on this point was now complete—the royalists fell back on the Massareen Gardens, and O'Hara, having deployed across the fields with the pikemen, joined the third column, who were advancing by the Ballamena road.

The position taken up by Colonel Lumley was particularly strong. Beneath a high wall, secured on both flanks by demi bastions, his cavalry and artillery were formed. The wall was the remaining part of an old fortification, provided with an excellent breast-work; and while its great height rendered escalade impossible, the only approach was by a narrow and

difficult path, which a few men could easily defend against a multitude.

In a few minutes O'Hara, having put himself at the head of the rebel column, advanced by Bow-lane, and the firing recommenced. The grape-shot of the royal guns and the musketry from the parapet swept the narrow street, and consequently the loss of the assailants was heavy. However they rushed fearlessly on, and, charging with their long pikes, the cavalry were broken, and fled, and the guns captured.

This was the bloodiest struggle of the day—the loyalists fought with distinguished gallantry—they kept up an incessant fire from the garden, and the open area beneath them was covered with the slain. At the moment that O'Hara and the pikemen charged the dragoons, a man, of noble appearance and superbly mounted, was separated from the retreating soldiery. It was remarked that the rebel-chief seemed to forget all danger in endeavouring to close with the deserted horseman. In vain he reined back under the cover of the wall for protection—his determined adversary followed him, and at the foot of the parapet brought him

to the ground with a mortal stab. Of the few who pressed forward to support their leader, not a man escaped; but the desperate homicide effected his deadly object, and retired without a wound.

Finding it would be impossible to force the position of the royalists on this side, O'Hara withdrew the assailants, and contenting himself with keeping up a heavy fire from the shelter of the lanes and houses, he despatched an express to order up the reserve under Colonel Orr.

The town was now in possession of the rebels—the regulars were in full retreat, and the yeomanry in the Massareen Gardens must of necessity be cut off, as a strong body of the enemy were detached to penetrate the thick shrubbery behind them, and thus place them between a cross fire. Colonel Lumley, when two miles from Antrim, met the second light brigade coming to his support from Blaris camp; and at the same time an orderly from Colonel Durham informed him that this officer was moving from Belfast with a reinforcement. This intelligence determined him to attempt to

regain the town, and accordingly he directed the troops to countermarch.

The rebel-chief was soon informed of the movements of the enemy ; but, possessed of the churchyard, and aware that a few minutes would enable him to carry the gardens, he felt confident that every attempt the royalists could make to dispossess him of the town would be abortive. But it was fated otherwise. At the instant he was about to order an assault, when his detached party had actually got in the rear of the disheartened loyalists, who, conscious of the coming danger, found themselves exhausted by fatigue, and almost left without a cartridge, the express returned with the fatal tidings that Orr had retreated, and the reserve was lost ! In bitter agony the rebel leader heard the ruin of his hopes. From some unaccountable cause, the wretched imbecile to whom the fourth column had been entrusted, became panic-struck by the opening cannonade, and before the mischief was known, the division was removed beyond recal. Thus the Republicans saw victory snatched from their grasp—no alternative but a retreat was left—to remain where

they were would only lead to certain destruction; and they reluctantly determined to evacuate Antrim, and retire from a town their unpractised bravery had won from a well-appointed enemy. There was no time for deliberation—Colonel Durham was already on the heights, and had opened with round shot upon the churchyard—and the exhausted yeomanry, inspirited by this unexpected relief, sallied forth from the gardens, and drawing up the abandoned guns, turned their fire on the houses which afforded shelter to insurgents. O'Hara ordered a retreat, and with little loss, he retired on and took possession of Randalstown.

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## CHAPTER XII.

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Is it the lark that carols shrill ;  
Is it the bittern's early hum ?  
No ! distant, but increasing still,  
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,  
With the deep murmur of the drum.

*Lord of the Isles.*

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RANDALSTOWN had been taken by a rebel detachment, on the morning of the attack on Antrim. They evacuated it the same night, and fell back upon Toome, where, being threatened by General Knox, they broke down the bridge which crosses the river Bann, and waited to effect a junction with the insurgents who were risen in the neighbourhood of Saintfield.

O'Hara retired on Ballamena, and the next day took up a position on Donnegore-Hill. The general rising of the united Irishmen was hourly expected—the partial success which

attended their arms at Newtownards, having, in a great degree, counterbalanced their discomfiture at Antrim; for there they justly attributed their defeat to no want of gallantry on their part, but to the imbecility of a treacherous commander. Thus circumstanced, one victory might have retrieved the cause, and induce the more timid and cautious of the malcontents to openly appear in arms.

For two days that O'Hara remained on Donnegore-hill, he was indefatigable in restoring confidence among his followers, and taking measures for effecting a simultaneous insurrection. On the second evening he received certain intelligence that the rebels, in great force, had seized the town of Ballinahinch, and that General Nugent intended to move from Belfast, and attack them on the following day. Well aware that his own fate rested on the result of the expected battle, he determined in person to witness the event of the conflict. Having called the principal insurgents together, he stated his intention, and having made necessary arrangements for uniting with their friends in case of success at Ballina-



hinch, he privately left the camp, attended by Mahony.

It required both caution and address to avoid falling in with the numerous detached parties of the enemy, who were scattered over the country, between him and the rebel encampment ; but by following a mountain road, he reached his destination in safety.

The position chosen by the rebel leaders was rather beautiful than strong. On the crest of an eminence, covered with the freshest verdure, their forces were bivouacked, and as some pains had been taken to introduce at least the semblance of military regularity, the appearance of their line was not uninteresting. The absence of the requisites for encamping was little felt, the weather being dry and sultry ; and the friends of those on the hill had sent ample supplies for the revolutionary commissariat. Strong pickets were advanced along their front, and some of the youthful leaders were indefatigable in using precautionary measures against surprise. On the flanks of their position, cannon, formerly belonging to the volunteers (which had hitherto been concealed

from the searches of the Royalists), were mounted.

The rear of the rebel forces presented a very different scene. Booths similar to those erected at Irish fairs and patterns, were frequent. In these some were drinking, and others dancing to the music of the itinerant harpers and pipers, who had flocked in numbers to the camp. Cattle were plentifully slaughtered, and the profusion and hilarity of the scene had more the appearance of a rustic gala, than the assemblage of a band of patriots, about to strike for life and liberty. By one road, a flock of sheep were brought in; by another, a string of men, armed and unarmed, were advancing. One car came, loaded with a cask of powder, and the next with a keg of whiskey. A hundred voices were calling to each other, and had the fate of nations depended on producing a given person, no one could probably have named the place where he might be found.

Yet, mob-like as was the appearance of the insurgents, there were materials among them, had they been only properly employed, ade-

quate to effect the most important objects. Of the thousands on the hill, doubtless a great majority of their number were drawn thither by the novelty of the business. Some had collected from curiosity—more from compulsion—the prospect of good cheer had induced some—a hope of plunder had instigated others—one had been brought by his wife, and a second been persuaded by his neighbour—a few, however, came there seeking freedom, and freedom only; and many a breast in the crowd had devotion within it, to have filled a rank in the Pass of Thermopylæ. These men, indeed, were to be dreaded: the overwhelming advantage of martial discipline did not deter them from striking for victory; and the alternative in defeat, the scaffold, had not terror to appal them from the bold attempt.

As the afternoon approached, the rebel videttes came frequently in, announcing the march of the Royal army. Each fresh report of their advance had very contrary effects on the hearers. Some received it with cool, determined resolution; some with indifference; and others with evident alarm. A few dropping shots turned the eyes of all to the road by

which the King's troops were expected. It was an interchange of fire between their videttes and a rebel outpost; the latter, although no pursuit was attempted, were rather flying than retreating to their friends. This unmilitary-looking proceeding, however, was observed by a young leader, who galloped down the hill, and rallying the fugitives, awaited on the road the nearer approach of the Royalists. In a few minutes their advanced guard, consisting of the Monaghan militia, and the flank companies of a Highland regiment, debouched from the thick hedges, which had till now concealed their march, and the rebels, skirmishing as they retired, fell back upon the town.

At this moment Henry O'Hara reached the rebel line; the van of the Royalists halted, waiting for the main body to come up, as they were ignorant what force might be posted in the village. A fine yeomanry corps, with cavalry and artillery of the line, deployed from the covered road, supported by the infantry regiments, with their field-pieces (which then were attached to every corps), the rear of the entire being closed by dragoons and mounted volunteers.

O'Hara observed the oversight committed by the rebel leaders in withdrawing their forces from the town. The streets were for a time tenable against a superior force, and the irregularity of street fighting was particularly favourable to the operations of a disorganized body. Without a moment's hesitation he descended from the heights with his tenantry, and succeeded in occupying the main street, as the light infantry of the Royal army were moving forward to take possession of it. The advanced guard, however, halted as they reached the entrance of the village, and resting on their arms, they communicated with the centre, and awaited further orders. The cover of some houses effectually sheltered them from the insurgents, and a cessation of fire on both sides produced that awful stillness which causes the heart to beat more quickly than the noise and clamour of the actual conflict. Some of the rebel leaders supposed that the Royalists would content themselves with occupying the entrance of the village till morning; but Henry concluded that they would naturally possess themselves of

the means of shelter and repose. He was not mistaken. From a small eminence he perceived the artillery coming up, and the light troops, which formed the rear-guard, extended themselves into the fields, upon the flanks of the main body, which, forming itself into close column, advanced to attack the town.

The light infantry having sprung forward from behind the houses which concealed them, the firing re-commenced. The Royalists advanced in double quick time, and the insurgents awaited their attack with unexpected steadiness. The soldiery seemed inclined at first to push forward with the bayonet, but awed by the determined attitude of their opponents, they changed their method of attack, and breaking from close order, and opening right and left, threw themselves under cover of houses and archways, and supported from their shelter a galling discharge of musketry. The artillery had now got into position, and opened a lively cannonade, and O'Hara perceiving that a few discharges must dislodge the revolutionists, ordered a retreat. They fell back, accordingly,

upon the rebel camp, and the Royal army, without further opposition, took possession of the town.

The sun was setting when the struggle terminated, and the rebel line upon the hill were greatly inspirited by the obstinacy with which their detached forces had disputed the occupation of the streets beneath them. Henry marked with delight the enthusiasm of the whole, and for once suffered a gleam of hope to break on the darkness of his despondency.

The Royal army were distinctly seen from the commanding position of the insurgents, mounting their guards for the night, and preparing for refreshment and repose. Nothing could exceed their apparent fatigue. The trooper contented himself with providing from the plentiful supply of forage which the town afforded, a necessary proportion for his weary charger, and then hastily disencumbering himself of his accoutrements, stretched on the litter beside his horse. The matross threw himself beneath his gun, while every well and watering-place seemed likely to be exhausted, from the avidity with which the harassed sol-

diery sought to quench their thirst. The day had been sultry in the extreme, and the long march, executed under a noontide sun, over roads almost impassable from dust, had left them subdued in spirit, and incapable of exertion.

O'Hara advanced as nearly to the out-lying picket as safety would warrant, and a more minute observation attested the sufferings of the wearied forces, and the frequent yawns of the sentries betrayed the struggle which was necessary to keep them on the alert. Almost the half of the soldiery were already stretched in deep repose, and it occurred to the rebel leader how advantageous a night attack would be. Nothing could be more favourable to the irregular forces on the hill than the present exhaustion of their opponents. The night mists began to rise in fleecy wreaths from the low grounds which encircled them, and under its concealment how easily might they have been surprised? The superior construction of the troops would give way to physical force, and discipline be overmatched by unpractised courage. Now was the time for action—



now the tide-flood of success was high; and Henry hastened to the camp just as a summons to the council was delivered by a rebel sentinel.

The leaders had assembled at the ruined tower of a windmill, which was erected on the summit of the hill, and Henry hurried to the spot, anxious to recommend an instant assault upon the royalists. A warm and angry debate occupied the council, and as he got sufficiently near to comprehend the nature of the discussion, how was he mortified to find that no military question was agitated, but that a bitter and religious quarrel engaged this enlightened cabinet. The Roman Catholic leaders were upbraiding the Presbyterians with duplicity, and they, in turn, were assailed by invectives and reproach. O'Hara burst into the circle, and a temporary calm succeeded his appearance.

“ Merciful God !” said the young rebel, “ do my ears deceive me, or is it possible that such madness should possess you all ? Wasting the precious moments for action in empty babbling and bigoted contention!—Shame on you

all! By Heaven! a man would think you had leagued to betray your wretched followers to sure defeat, and no less certain death."

"Not mine, by God," said a Popish shopkeeper; "for never was there luck with heretics yet, and I'll bring off my people from among you."

"You cursed idolater," roared a Presbyterian preacher; "do you call true faith heresy?"

Again the clamour became overpowering. One or two of the more sensible of the party perceived the ruinous effects likely to be produced by this unhappy disagreement, and strove to check it, and having requested O'Hara to go for the commander-in-chief, who was yet absent, they promised, if possible, to tranquillize the opposing parties.

To reach the rebel chieftain was a matter of no small difficulty, and when Henry gained the hut, which was denominated the general's tent, he found the commander quietly engaged in drawing plans for visionary battles. In a few words he communicated his business, and implored him to hurry and arrest the disunion which threatened to annihilate every chance of

success. On their arrival at the late scene of contention, they found O'Hara's worst fears had been realised, for the Popish leaders had already retired from the meeting for the purpose of abandoning the camp, and every subsequent attempt to prevent the desertion of their followers proved abortive.

Reduced as their numbers would be, Henry, as a last effort, called the attention of the remaining leaders to the necessity of prompt exertion, and briefly explained the situation of their opponents, and pointed out the means of probable success. The younger leaders unanimously approved the proposal of an immediate assault, but, unfortunately, Munro as decidedly objected to it. Some of the party, from a deference to his opinion, and others actuated by personal apprehension of an instant conflict, voted for postponing the attack till morning; and, after a violent and protracted debate, O'Hara saw, what he supposed, the last hope of his country's liberty extinguished. Sick at heart, he left the tower to mourn in silence over the approaching ruin of the cause, and antici-

pate the sanguinary scenes which would follow the slaughter of to-morrow.

Mahony had watched for his return, and collected the materials for a bog-deal fire, with every necessary refreshment.

Of all the Catholic insurgents, the tenantry of O'Hara alone remained. No persuasion could induce them to retire with their enraged neighbours, and faithful to the last, they determined to live or die with their beloved leader. If any circumstance could have gratified their once happy master, it was the unchanging devotion of his followers; but a gloomy foreboding of the result of the morning's conflict deepened his mental distress, as he reflected that to personal attachment, in some measure, their impending calamities might be attributed. Mahony observed the progress of these bitter meditations, and with kind solicitude enforced the necessity of repose, and O'Hara yielded to his advice, and stretched himself beside the blazing wood-fire.

Morning dawned upon the rival forces. The royalists arose refreshed from fatigue, and con-

fident of victory. But, alas! what a gloomy contrast did the rebels on the hill exhibit! The chasms in the long lines of yesterday, made by the desertion of their Popish confederates, were filled up by reducing their lengthened array. In point of force, they were still numerically superior; but, alas! discipline, refreshment, and daylight, had reduced their chances of success to desperation. Poor Munro, with all the frippery of command, dressed in a splendid green uniform, mounted on a showy charger, and followed by Aides-de-Camp and Orderlies, bustled about the ground, and fancying, unfortunately, that he had some knowledge of tactics, prepared to meet a practised leader and an experienced army in a fair-fought field. Alas! the only chance had been already given away; and, after witnessing the slaughter of his followers, his own fate was reserved for the scaffold.

The day shone brilliantly out, as the royal army leisurely prepared for the encounter. No remains of yesterday's exertions were now apparent. The bright arms of the infantry glanced gallantly in the sunbeams, as each bat-

talion formed itself with beautiful regularity. The rebels endeavoured to annoy them by firing a few rounds from their ill-appointed cannon, but the service of the guns was too indifferent to produce effect, and having coolly completed their dispositions, they waited for the signal to advance.

Munro perceived too late, how miserably he had calculated, when he determined to await the attack which he should have anticipated the preceding night. Any disposition he attempted to make was rendered useless by the irregularity of the rebels. Irresolute and wavering, he applied in this emergency to O'Hara, and according to his suggestions, made some arrangements for his defence.

At the foot of the hill, the ground was broken and uneven, and a churchyard, with other enclosures, afforded a favourable position. To maintain this important post, Henry devoted himself—he occupied it with the pike-men drawn up in close column, covered by the fire of the musketeers. This had been scarcely effected, when the bugle of the royalists sounded the advance, and their light battalion directed

its attack on the enclosures which had been just lined by the detachment of Castle Carra. Obedient to their leader's orders, the rebel fire was reserved until their assailants were close to the stone walls, which formed a breast-work, from behind which the musketeers threw in an effective volley, and under cover of the smoke, the pike-men rushed forward to the charge. The assault was impetuous and irresistible. Their long pikes drove in the bayonets of the infantry, and they charged the artillery, which were for a moment in their possession. This was the critical moment of the day, and had O'Hara been supported, there was a chance of victory; but it was not the case, and the royalists rallied immediately, and outflanked the rebels, who were obliged to fall back upon the enclosures which were occupied by their friends.

We shall confine ourselves to simply stating, that the struggle here was long and desperate. The republicans offered an obstinate resistance to the spirited efforts of the king's troops, and more than once the contest balanced, but being turned on its flank, confusion spread through

the rebel line upon the hill, and the royalists having pressed forward, their cavalry availed itself of favourable ground to charge and complete its destruction.

Every exertion made by the leaders to restore order was vain, and, indeed, was but partially attempted, and a scene of indiscriminate slaughter succeeded. The wretched rabble were cut down by hundreds, for until the ardour of pursuit abated, the royalists troubled themselves little with making prisoners. The Castle Carra rebels, however, still continued an obstinate defence. They repulsed the troops in two attempts they made to dislodge them, and in turn charged them a second time back to the muzzles of their guns. Their long pikes gave them great advantage over the shorter weapons of their antagonists, and they withstood the close fire of the soldiery with the steadiness of a disciplined body. The total dispersion of the rebel centre quickly decided their fate, for the cavalry getting on their rear rendered useless the desperate attempt they made to disengage themselves from their surrounding enemies. The Highlanders had now cleared the enclo-



tures, and each fought for nothing but life. Henry was beaten to the ground by a trooper, who the same instant was perforated by a pike; another horseman cut down the rebel, and the dying wretch falling heavily upon O'Hara, who was struggling to rise, brought him a second time to the earth. The trooper perceiving that he was not disabled, raised his sabre to dispatch him—it fell—but not in wrath—for springing from his horse ere he could pronounce his name, William Thornton raised him from the ground, and placing the bridle in his hand, desired him to ride for life. Mahony, who still fought by his side, called on him to save himself, and one glance told that all was over. His brave followers were now a crowd of scattered fugitives, and cries for mercy had succeeded to the din of the “*melée*.” He vaulted to the saddle—several shots were discharged at him, and one having slightly wounded his horse, rendered the animal ungovernable; with two or three desperate bounds, he cleared through the soldiery who surrounded him, and leaping the high fence, bore his new rider swiftly from the field.

The rebel chief threw his eyes around—it was a dreadful scene—the country for the distance of a mile was covered with wretches endeavouring to escape. The horsemen were overtaking the runaways, and when they did, no quarter was given. He turned into the fields to the right, and his horse being a trained hunter, found no difficulty in passing over the country rapidly, leaving his pursuers far behind. In leaping a quickset hedge, he nearly alighted on a man endeavouring to conceal himself in the dyke—it was the unfortunate Munro; and Henry with difficulty checked his career, to inquire if he could render him any service? “None,” was the reply; “but to pass on, and leave me to my fate.”

There was no time for farther parley.—O'Hara pressed up the opposite hill, and when he gained the summit, on looking back to see if he was still pursued, he perceived that two mounted yeomen had discovered the ill-starred commander, and, having bound his arms with a sash, led him off a prisoner.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,  
 Rides headlong with resistless speed;  
 Whose bloody spur with frantic stroke  
 Drives to the leap his jaded steed?

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,  
 As one some visioned sight that saw;  
 Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?  
 'Tis he! 'tis he!

*Scott.*

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THE horse O'Hara rode carried him gallantly. The noise and tumult of the fray had long since ceased to be heard, and a straggling fugitive seen occasionally climbing the distant hills was the only circumstance which recalled the morning's conflict to the wanderer. The scene around was one of fearful quietude—no peasant laboured in the fields—the rich harvest, mellowing fast into ripeness, seemed abandoned by man—and the cattle, neglected by their owners, strayed loosely through the corn, or wandered on the roads. A perfect knowledge

of the country enabled the rebel chief to free himself from the enclosures which would have embarrassed a stranger, and in an incredibly short space of time, he gained the summit of a hill from which Castle Carra and the adjacent district was visible.

Springing from his saddle, he stopped to breathe his horse, and reflect where he should seek a shelter. His home, a heap of ruins, lay beneath him; its black walls mournfully contrasting with the gay foliage of the surrounding forest-trees. Should he bend his course thither, and would his own domain afford even temporary shelter to its fugitive lord? While he looked sadly towards his desolated home, a few white spots arrested his attention, and his keen eye caught the glitter of military appointments as they flashed in the sunshine. O'Hara at once conjectured that the place was occupied by the soldiery, whose tents were just discernible when the strong glare of light fell on the spot where they were erected. To return to Castle Carra was now too perilous to be attempted, and to retire was equally unsafe, for the military were loosely scattered

over the country in pursuit of routed insurgents. The thick woods of Belvue offered a reasonable hope of security, and aware that not a moment was to be lost, he mounted his horse, and rode rapidly towards the park of his hated enemy.

The sun was high in the Heavens. Not a breeze cooled the burning atmosphere, and oppressed by the excessive heat, the gallant animal breathed with increasing difficulty:—the rider was equally distressed—the dust rose around him in suffocating eddies, and thirst, producing fever and head-ache, completed O'Hara's sufferings.

In great exhaustion, at last he gained the woods of Belvue. He unsaddled his weary horse, and turned him loose to prevent discovery. Hitherto his escape had been wonderfully successful, for though in the immediate neighbourhood of his enemies, nothing had impeded his flight. Could he but remain undisturbed till night, he had little doubt that he should easily reach the mountains, and among his own tenantry be able to effect concealment for a time. He looked around to select a place

of present security, and perceiving close to him a dark vista, which he knew terminated in a deep and tangled coppice, he turned into the woodland path, and directed his steps to the friendly thicket.

Although for several years he had never visited this place, the scenes of his boyhood were quite familiar to him. He remembered that at no great distance stood an ancient hermitage, where he had often taken shelter from summer heat, and rested on its stone-bench when shooting the covers in winter. He struck into the path which led to it—here in happier days he had loved to wander, and here he hoped in his distress to find a temporary refuge. Much attention appeared to have been bestowed on the improvement of this beautiful little spot: the luxuriant bloom which covered the exotics and rare plants with which it was thickly studded, showed that no trouble or expense had been spared to ornament it; and the studied care with which it was kept, indicated most strongly that it was the favourite resort of his once-loved Emily. Suddenly he started, and drew a pistol from his belt; but as quickly

returned the weapon with a smile—a bronze statue, of human size, had startled him—he reached the place where the well-remembered bower had stood; it was no longer there, but on its site, embosomed in forest trees and rich shrubs, a Grecian temple of exquisite proportions was erected.

In front of this beautiful building the wearied rebel stood—the sun was shining with oppressive brilliancy—sick and exhausted, he was about to seek some humbler spot to repose in, when it occurred to him that this lonely edifice would most probably be unfrequented during those turbulent times, and that here he would be in comparative safety. The door was half open, and without further hesitation the fugitive entered.

Within the portico, a number of beautiful casts occupied the niches between the pillars, and vases and stands of flowers nearly filled the floor.

A door leading to an inner apartment was closed, but no sound intimated that it was occupied. While O'Hara paused, voices at no great distance were heard—every thing was

perilous to him, and with the prompt decision of necessity, he determined to enter the interior of the edifice.

Having closed the outer door, he silently opened the other; no one was in the apartment, but every thing announced that a female had but lately left it. A lady's work-box was lying on a rose-wood table, a piano-forte was unclosed, and an uncovered harp seemed to have been but recently deserted. All about this retired chamber was singularly beautiful; the furniture was sumptuous, and the silk draperies of pale pink gave a luxurious colouring to the splendid paintings which occupied the panels of the walls and ceiling. Beside a sofa, heaped with pillows of down, a table stood, on which books and printed music were scattered; while on another, at the opposite side of the room, fruit, wine, and other refreshments were placed.

Hardly crediting the reality of what he saw, the fainting, wretched O'Hara hastened to avail himself of the relief which had been so unaccountably afforded. The delicious fruits dissipated his feverish thirst, and the wine re-



cruited his sinking spirits. He felt his hardihood return with his strength, and throwing himself on the sofa, gave himself up to the consideration of what his future fate might be. The heat of the weather—the prodigious physical fatigue he had undergone, and the influence of wine incautiously drank, immediately produced unconquerable drowsiness, and, unable to combat its influence, he placed his arms on the table, and in a few moments was buried in profound repose.

When O'Hara awoke, he was surprised to find the light had faded; he felt something on his face, and on removing it, discovered that a veil of the finest texture had been spread over him while he slept, and the light had been excluded by Venetian blinds, which had been drawn down to protect him from the rays of the declining sun.

He sprang up hastily—some one had visited him while he slept, but a moment's reflection assured him that nothing hostile had approached his couch. He re-admitted the light, and surveyed the room, to find if he was still alone. No person was there, but on his pistols a small

billet was placed—he took it up—the paper fell from him again, for a hasty glance told him it was the well-known writing of her whom he had once so fondly loved—

“ Accident has saved your life by conducting you to the only place which is impassable to your enemies. The pursuit after you, and the wretched victims of this ruined cause, is bloody and incessant. There is no hope but in concealment. If you will accept of protection from one you once honoured with your friendship, and who sighs for an opportunity of convincing you that her crime to you was not her own, you are safe—stir not, on your life. If your pride will not allow you to owe your safety to the woman you once loved, permit her to be slightly serviceable by remaining where you are, until she can make arrangements to expedite your escape. To leave your present asylum would be madness. Of this, one glance from the window will convince you—For a time—adieu!”

“ Merciful God! what humiliation am I

fated to undergo!" was the wanderer's exclamation. "Am I doomed to owe my life to her who abandoned me in prosperity—never, never. I shall at least seek an honest asylum than the bower of a heartless woman."

He rushed impetuously to the window—Emily's intelligence was too true—the military bivouacked around; their horses were picketed close to his concealment, and a sentinel within a few paces of the window. The impossibility of leaving his place of refuge was too apparent. Stung to madness, he threw himself once more upon the sofa to brood over his disastrous fortunes, and wait until night came, when he resolved to hazard an escape. The day appeared interminable. He looked at his watch—it was but five o'clock, and for many hours he must remain a prisoner. In vain he attempted to calm his agitated feelings; he took a book from the table which seemed to have been lately used—a gold pencil was between the leaves, and the beautiful lines of Pope (which have since been given to the world) were written in well-known characters in the margin.

What are the falling rills, the pendent shades,  
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,

But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind  
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!  
 So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,  
 Lies down to die—the arrow in his heart—  
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,  
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away!

He threw aside the book, and his uneasy mind recalled a sombre train of melancholy remembrances. His years of childhood, while

A stranger yet to pain,

were few, and passed rapidly—then came his earliest sorrow, and in fancy he followed his mother to the grave. He thought upon his first entrance on the theatre of the world, and again enacted the busy scenes of his college career, opening in honour, and ending in unmerited disgrace. Next came war—the hard-fought field of Castaglione—the fiercely-contested bridge of Lodi, rose in glorious recollection. He returned to his happy home—his father and his friend were there, and *there* was Emily—and a burning glow flushed his pale cheek. His brow soon darkened, for the tragic close of all came on. Lord Edward lay bleeding upon his humble bed—he saw his teeth clench, and his mouth convulse with bodily pain; but not a groan escaped, and his dark

eye flashed defiance and revenge as he bent its proud glance on his enemies rolling on the blood-stained floor. And then he parted with his father!—he heard his last blessing—he felt his last embrace—the fatal drum struck, and the procession again passed in “shadowy review;”—and now he kneels beside his bier, and utters vows of desperate vengeance, and immediately the ghastly form of Travers glided by—again he sees his home in flames—again the tumult of the fight of Antrim rings in his ear, as in fancy he pulls his noble victim down, and the death-wound is given anew. Nature at last yielded to the influence of quiet, and sleep once more rested on the wanderer's lids.

He slept long and soundly, until a light foot-step broke his slumber—a sigh breathed beside him, and a sweet voice softly repeated his name.

He opened his eyes—Emily was leaning over him—she did not speak, but a tear fell upon his forehead. The thrilling look of anguish which met his reproachful glance unmanned him in a moment, and before she could find words to ask for pardon, half his injuries were forgotten.

With sudden and desperate resolution he sprang from the sofa. Emily was leaning against the table. There was a dead pause for a few moments, while the wanderer appeared endeavouring to collect his thoughts. "Lady," he said, in deep and broken tones, "this is indeed a painful meeting; believe me that accident alone brought me here for shelter, and when I discovered where chance had conducted me, I only waited for a few hours until night would favour an escape. I hoped that for this short time my privacy would have been respected; but I will go this moment—it matters little whether events, which seem inevitable, be hurried forward or not. Lady, farewell." He drew his belt more closely, and attempted to take his weapons from the table. Emily laid her hand feebly on his arm. She could not speak; and perceiving she was fainting, he supported her gently to the couch. Her head dropped upon his arm: she endeavoured to speak, but the exertion was too powerful, and she fell insensible on his breast. O'Hara gazed upon her: his stoic apathy was gone, and tenderness and compassion usurped its place. He looked on the woman

he had loved with such devotion—he bathed her lifeless forehead with water—he put wine to her cold lips; the colour again tinged her cheek, and again her sparkling eyes were turned on him in looks of fondness and entreaty.

“ Henry, you will not leave me, and unpardoned—Oh God! I am already too wretched, and to part from you unforgiven would kill me: hear me, and refuse your pity if you can.”

The rebel's wan face flushed. To coldly leave that beautiful being, and leave her in her wretchedness, was beyond human nature; and placing himself beside her, he implored her to be comforted.

“ You have heard much, Henry, to my disadvantage; but you have heard it from my enemies, and you will at least be candid, ere you condemn me. When we last parted—oh God! to meet again under such altered circumstances—you left me exulting in the happiness of an anticipated union with the man of my heart; and could you suppose that in a few short days I would forget you, and sacrifice you to another, and such another. But when you hear my miserable tale—when you hear a

mother's misconduct from lips which duty should for ever seal—but to you, whom I have injured, that satisfaction is due; and while nature revolts, justice demands the atonement.

“ You have possibly heard Lady Sarah heavily and justly censured for inordinate love of play; it was carried by her to the most blamable excess; and mental peace and respectability were alike surrendered to a ruling passion. She became the dupe of more practised gamblers, and without suspicion on my part, she had become hopelessly embarrassed. I observed latterly that many letters she received were carefully concealed, and her spirits became alarmingly depressed. I ventured to inquire the cause. She burst into tears, and left me. The following morning disclosed the dreadful mystery. I was summoned to her apartment. She lay in violent hysterics on the bed, and in frightful agony pointed to an open letter. I read it. It was from Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Cullogh. He informed her that a Jew, with whose name I was well acquainted, had placed a writ in his hands, as sheriff, against her, for several thousand pounds. A postscript was added, entreat-



ing her not to be alarmed ; but should she allow the writer the honour of an interview, matters might yet be favourably arranged. I pressed her to an immediate compliance with the request, little imagining that I was then hastening the consummation of my misery. The sought-for interview took place. I was not present, but remarked a singular change in my mother's conduct. Another interview and another succeeded. All this to me was inexplicable. At last the fatal truth was disclosed. My mother could be saved from a prison—her honour and her character preserved ; and all that was required to effect it was the sacrifice of her child. Why need I continue a narrative of this horrid business—why need I relate the scenes of anguish and distress which I underwent ? The victim was at last obtained ; and at the altar, I solemnly abandoned every hope of future happiness, to shield a parent's fame from obloquy and reproach. I have injured you, Henry, but will a miserable existence sufficiently satisfy my crime ? I have sinned against love, and love shall pay the penalty."

The sun had sunk upon his burning bed, and the distant waters hid him from mortal view ; but a rich stream of light crimsoned the lake, and, like a warrior's fame, remained behind, to tell how glorious had been his departure ! The mellowed twilight glanced through sumachs and lauristinas, and the wood-pigeon, nestled in the tall ash which overhung the lowlier shrubs, told that all was stillness and security. Emily hung over the wanderer. Her eyes, suffused with tears, rested upon his features, now glowing with returning love, now darkening with thoughts of vengeance. She watched the conflicting passions, and woman, in all her loveliness, bent down her lip to his, and murmured her prayer for pardon and for pity. The fever of the morning's conflict still raged in the rebel's veins. Beauty was before him, and wine had lent its maddening flush—unconsciously the arm which supported her fell, and he felt her bosom wildly throb against his breast. The smouldering flame of love was rekindled by the torch of revenge ; and while his deadly foe exulted in the utter ruin of a hated

name, O'Hara outstripped him in the race of vengeance—for that night consummated M'Culloch's disgrace, and witnessed Emily's dishonour.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

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A steed—a steed, of matchlesse speede!  
A sword of metal keene!  
Al else to noble heartes is drosse—  
Al else on earth is meane.  
The neighing of the war-horse proude,  
The rowleing of the drum,  
The clangour of the trumpet loude,  
Be soundes from Heaven that come.

*Old Ballad.*

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WHILE O'Hara remained in safe concealment, the vengeance of the Government fell heavily upon many of the minor leaders. Munro, after a nominal trial, was executed in Lisburn, and, in his last moments, evinced so much calmness and intrepidity, as atoned, in some degree, for the fatal consequences which his imbecility in the hour of danger had brought upon the cause. Immediately before his death, recollecting that he had an unsettled account with a friend, which was of a difficult and complicated nature, he entreated a few minutes' delay, when having

procured a pen and paper, he coolly adjusted it at the foot of the ladder—then, with suitable composure, submitted to his fate.

Poor Munro's crime was an unfortunate miscalculation of his own abilities, for unluckily for himself and others, he imagined he possessed military talents, and only when it was too late discovered his mistake. Hickie, his Aid-de-Camp, with many rebels of lesser name, suffered in Belfast, Newry, and other northern towns. Nor was the punishment of rebellion confined to the laity. The dissenting ministers were severely visited, two of that body being hanged in front of their own meeting-houses, and a number expatriated for life, or a long term of years.

Several days elapsed while O'Hara continued a prisoner. Rosy fetters bound him, but still he was a captive. All the hopes of his party were at an end; and, with the defeat at Ballinahinch, the struggle appeared to terminate. The rebel force he had commanded on Donnegore Hill, received thankfully an amnesty offered them by Colonel Clavering, and having laid down their arms, and taken the oath of

allegiance, retired peaceably to their houses. In the south, the insurrection was effectually crushed; and, with the exception of a few desperadoes, who, excluded from the general pardon offered by the Government, banded together for mutual protection, or for the purposes of plunder, the country might be considered to be in a state of comparative tranquillity.

The search after the rebel chief, however, was still actively persevered in. The horse he had ridden from the field being found straying in the woods of Belvue, naturally directed the vigilance of his enemies to the immediate neighbourhood of his retreat, and a reward of one thousand pounds offered for his apprehension, of course gave an additional stimulus to their exertions. O'Hara, aware of his danger, never quitted his concealment, excepting to breathe the fresh air by night in the woods, taking care to return before morning dawned.

During the tedious hours of the summer's day, he had ample leisure for reflection, and in those private moments many painful thoughts arose. The periodical prints, with which the kindness of his beautiful protectress furnished

him, spoke of his exploits and escape with undiminished interest. His military conduct at Antrim and Ballinahinch were mentioned in honourable terms, and his name recorded as that of the most talented and renowned of the republican party. What were his cooler conclusions as he contrasted the present with the past? Living in inglorious obscurity, the favourite of a woman, he owed his safety to no exertion of his own, but to her caprice, and to a connexion which every feeling of honour called on him to abandon. Was this in character with his still fresh fame?—No! He was the minion of a woman, and the sooner the fetters of his slavery were broken the better.

When Emily, in the evening, visited her captive, he communicated his fixed determination of attempting to escape from the kingdom, and exonerate her from abetting a concealment which must eventually terminate in loss of liberty and life to him, and fair fame and fortune to her. With too much tact to offer a decided opposition to one of the daring character of her lover, she artfully contrived to amuse him with assurances of her co-operation in his

plans, which, in secret, she resolved should never be accomplished; and, with the madness of desperate love, reckless of consequences which a moment's consideration would tell her were inevitable, she dreamed of retaining him in her thralldom. Nor was it an easy task for one, so young and desolate as he, to break the spell which held him lingering in this bower of beauty. "Wreathed smile," and "honed kiss," wavered his firmest resolve; and when they failed, he found himself assailed by woman's more dangerous tears. Every thing around contributed to assist the charm; and enervated by luxurious solitude, he felt each moment less capable to achieve his deliverance. When Emily left him in the evening, and kissing him again and again, lamented the necessity of temporary absence, his ardent eyes followed her to the door, and when it closed, he sighed to think how many weary hours must elapse before his captivity would be brightened by the presence of his fascinating visitor.

Every plan which O'Hara had hitherto framed for escape appeared unlikely to succeed. The principal difficulty arose from the want of



some friend to co-operate in the attempt. There were, indeed, many who would have gladly assisted in his deliverance, but they neither knew whether he was alive or dead, or could, without mutual peril to both, be acquainted with the place where he was concealed. After numerous expedients had been considered and rejected, he decided on opening a communication with Alice More, and to effect this, determined to trust his life to the chivalrous honour of William Thornton. He wrote a few words on a slip of paper, too enigmatical to be understood by a stranger, and enclosed a small ring, which was well-known to Alice. Sealing the billet carefully, he put it under cover to Thornton, entreating him to forward it as directed, and if the person could not be found, to retain it until the writer claimed it. Emily reluctantly promised to forward it, and the epistle was accordingly intrusted to her care. How far his fair friend intended to have performed the wishes of the rebel chief, it is unnecessary to conjecture, for accident interposed, and the object was effected. Emily dropped the letter on her return to Belvue, and a dra-

goon having soon after picked it up, conveyed it promptly to its destination.

O'Hara was not wrong when, in his extremity, he called on Thornton for assistance, and yet he little knew what severe pain his request would occasion.

William Thornton was a man of no common character;—he was the last descendant of an ancient name. His father, from very humble means, had realized a moderate independence, and died, leaving a competent income to his widow and son.

Thornton passed through College unnoticed; the course of University reading was unsuited to his taste, and a strong military turn unfitted him from entering into any of the more peaceable professions. His mother discovered his martial inclinations;—he was her only child, and she idolized him. It may be easily conjectured how distressing to her was this disclosure—she did not speak, but her pale cheek and streaming eyes told too well her feelings. William loved his mother fondly; he saw that to leave her would break her heart, and with generous affection, resolved to sacrifice his

wishes to her happiness, and bury his disappointed hopes in his own breast.

The country became more disturbed, and Thornton's character proportionably developed itself. His politics were ultra-loyalism, and one of his turn came forward prominently in the commotions of those distracted times. His manners were open and impetuous; his opinions generally correct, and always decisive—candid almost to rudeness; and always ready, like many of his countrymen, to appeal to that worst of arguments, the pistol. Sometimes he affected great plainness, and at others extreme singularity of dress; and fond to excess of horses and dogs, he seemed to devote himself to field-sports, while attachment to society made him the last to leave the table. The world, therefore, set him down for an idle, thoughtless, honourable man, whose sole ambition was to lead a life of careless and rural enjoyment.

But the world erred in their opinion of William Thornton. It knew nothing of his private hours and secret feelings. He sighed for military fame, his heart panted for martial honours.

He felt himself destined for a soldier, with a mind no peril could distract—a heart no danger could appal. But while his mother, whose health was precarious, lived, he knew his dreams of glory must rest in abeyance. He submitted, however, to “hope deferred,” without a murmur, and amused the tedium of unoccupied life in light and elegant reading, while his musical talents, lively fancy, and cheerful temper, enabled him to pass his time in a manner very different from what the crowd supposed.

A circumstance, however, occurred, which no longer suffered this quiet course of being to continue waveless and unrippled. Thornton had affected a distaste for female society in general, and the country misses rated him a heartless man—a kind of block hewn out by nature to exist in selfish singleness. It was not to insensibility that he owed his freedom from the thralldom of love. In fancy he had created a woman for himself, and as yet he had never met an object in which the imaginary qualities of this being were embodied. Political accordance of opinion introduced him to Lord Loftus, who justly estimating his value as a bold and

useful ally, brought him to Loftus Hall, and made him intimate with his family. Lady Constantia soon discovered that William's was a mind of no ordinary mould; his bold and daring character struck her as uncommon; and, as the softer sex always admire bravery in man, she respected him for what, in Ireland, is reckoned the first of manly virtues. But there was a latent cause which influenced her in her attention to Thornton:—he had, from infancy, been the bosom friend of O'Hara, and to hear the brave praise another, and that other the cherished idol of her heart, was delightful to the fond girl. Poor William incautiously indulged in this dangerous communion; he saw that she was beautiful, he heard that she was haughty; her kindness and condescension to him were mistaken, for he little suspected that another was the cause, nor did he dream of danger until he found his heart irrevocably gone. With such dispositions as his, to love moderately was impossible, and his ardent temper encouraged him to hope to surmount insuperable difficulties, which to a less sanguine person would have been at once apparent, and would have

been accordingly abandoned in despair. What must have been his anguish, when he discovered that the being whom he idolized was devotedly attached to another? It was a dreadful trial, and Thornton required more resolution than he could command to conquer his hopeless passion. He did, however, manage to conceal it from the world; and as the secret of Lady Constantia's visit to Castle Carra was unknown to any but himself, the true state of her heart remained unsuspected.

To find Alice More was not difficult, for with the unsparing severity with which "the bigots of the iron times" followed the friends of the disaffected, the Yeomanry of M'Culloch had burned her cottage to the ground, desolated her little garden, and dragged the wretched owner to the Prevost, where numbers of both sexes were kept in indiscriminate confinement. On arriving at the prison, Thornton, finding that Alice had been just liberated by order of Lord Loftus, followed her to the house the family occupied in the town (for they had left their residence of Loftus Hall, and for greater security removed into Newbridge). He was in-

formed that his Lordship was out, and Lady Loftus had driven to the country, but the servant said that Lady Constantia was at home.

Thornton, after a momentary hesitation, sent up his name, requested to be announced, and was immediately introduced to the drawing-room, and into the presence of the woman he adored.

She rose from the sofa, and presenting her hand, motioned him to sit beside her. Thornton made a few confused inquiries after her health, which had visibly suffered much during the short time which elapsed since he had last seen her. The hectic which suffused her face and bosom when he entered, soon died away, and was succeeded by a death-like paleness. The hand he pressed felt hot and feverish, and it required little penetration to remark the fearful change which mental anguish had made on the health of the gentle girl. Neither spoke for some moments, till Lady Constantia seemed to have gained sufficient composure to break this painful silence.

“ I had hoped, Mr. Thornton, to have spoken to you before now, and thanked you for your

kind and delicate attention on that awful night when accident placed me under your protection, but the dreadful events of the last week have prevented me from seeing you—nor indeed could I have supported the visit, even of a friend. Good heavens! what mental suffering have I endured. Obligated to hide my feelings from an unpitying world, for none knew and none could know my misery. But why weary you, Mr. Thornton, with what your happier fate has exempted you from? Oh God! little can you imagine the bitter agony which waits on hopeless love.”

Poor William! the wound which rankled in his breast was innocently lacerated. After a short pause she continued—“Every moment I tremble, lest I should hear of the death or capture of ——. Say, dear Mr. Thornton, is there a chance that he lives—that he may escape.”

“He still lives.”

“Lives—lives; but oh! he is a prisoner, and his death is now too certain.”

She was nearly overcome by her fears, while Thornton endeavoured to relieve her apprehensions.



“ He lives, and is at present in safe concealment, and I came here to consult with you, the best means for effecting his escape.”

In a moment the colour rushed to her wan cheeks: her eyes sparkled as she caught his hand, and exultingly exclaimed, “ Can Constance assist in his delivery? Oh! speak—how—where—when?”

Thornton gave her the letter, and briefly explained, that Alice More alone could tell the place of O'Hara's retreat.

“ How fortunate! she is now in my dressing-room;” and ringing the bell, in a few minutes Alice glided into the room.

Thornton started, as he remarked her altered appearance. Her countenance had an additional wildness in its expression, and her eyes flashed with all the excitation of insanity. She cast a piercing look over William's military dress, while Constance, in an agony of delight, communicated the joyful intelligence of her lover's safety.

Alice, however, rested a suspicious look on Thornton; but when she broke the seal of the billet—when the ring met her view—when she

read the mysterious language in which the scroll was couched—she waved her bony arm, and muttering rapidly, “Ay, ay, faithful to the last—come, we may be interrupted here—to your chamber, lady,”—before either could reply, she stalked from the apartment, and Thornton and Lady Constance followed.

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## CHAPTER XV.

The star that on thy birth shone bright,  
 Now casts a dim uncertain light ;  
 A threatening sky obscures its rays,  
 And shadows o'er thy future days.

*Glenarvon.*

WHILE his absent friend and rejected mistress were arranging their plans with Alice More, O'Hara, unconscious of the efforts making for his escape, was awaiting anxiously Emily's accustomed visit. The anniversary of his birth had returned, and in rapid succession recalled to memory many similar periods, when his natal day found him enjoying domestic tranquillity, and possessed of friends and fortune. His home was before his eyes ; but that home was a heap of ruins—

“ The leader of a broken host,”

a price was put upon his head ; and encompassed by enemies on every side, like the wanderer of scripture, man's hand seemed to be against him.

No wonder, when Emily came, that she per-

ceived his countenance overcast with unusual sadness. She saw that his solitude had passed in melancholy reflection, and to break the chain of sombre thought, she tried the soothing influence of music. None knew better when to use her various talents with success, and by degrees she saw her object attained, as his brow unclouded, and the traces of care and inquietude vanished from his brightening face.

“ Emily, do you remember the highland melody you sang for me, the first evening we passed together at Castle Carra ? ”

He sighed as he pronounced the name. She ran her fingers for a moment over the chords, and having caught the air, O'Hara listened to his favourite

### BALLAD.

#### I.

Dear Ronald, sighed Jessie, ah! where dost thou stray?  
The night wind is cold, and my home's far away;  
The deer seeks the covert, the fox seeks the lae,  
And Jessie, Lord Ronald, is waiting for thee.

#### II.

Oh, light is thy plaid, maiden—why dost thou roam,  
In the gloaming of night, far away from thy home?  
'Tis a father, and suitor, so hated to flee,  
And Jessie, Lord Ronald, is waiting for thee.

## III.

Soft! heard ye a horse tramp? It rings on the ear;  
The steed rushes forward, the stranger is near.  
Oh! hush thy fond terrors, no foeman is he,  
For Jessie, Lord Ronald, is waiting for thee.

## IV.

Soon to his brave castle the knight led the fair;  
The abbot was ready, the clansmen were there;  
And the gay lover whispered, our bridal you see,  
And Jessie, Lord Ronald, is waiting for thee.

Soon after, Emily's repeater told that the hour of separation had come.

In the interim, Alice had sought Mahony in his mountain haunts, and arranged every thing necessary for attempting Henry's liberation. A smuggling lugger was hourly expected on the coast, and it was determined that O'Hara should lie concealed in the mountains until he could get on board the vessel, and leave the kingdom. To effect this, it was deemed advisable to engage the assistance of Reginald Maguire, as that worthy's co-operation would be serviceable, from his being so closely connected with all the contraband traders who visited the Mourne shores. The remote situation of his mansion offered great facilities for carrying on this desperate traffic, and his em-

barrassed circumstances, and wild, extravagant mode of life, made him resort to means to support his thriftless career, which men of nicer feeling; or less daring character, would have scrupulously avoided. Maguire was a distant connexion of the O'Hara family, and as he had always been on terms of amity with the house of Castle Carra, and on a late occasion, in Henry's absence, had been a candidate for honourably despatching Mr. Edward Nugent, there was no doubt but in his hour of need he would shelter and assist the ruined heir. If Reginald's ideas of honour and honesty were a little out of the common course—if he would cheat the king, and abet the destruction of a score of guagers, yet the hand he once pledged in friendship was true as if he had been a belted knight, and the gold of Ophir would not tempt him to commit a breach of good faith and hospitality, although the Sheriff and his myrmidons were beleaguering his guarded gate.

This last event, however, was little dreaded by Maguire. To approach his mansion with personal safety required the civil officer to make such military movements of horse and foot as

gave ample notice of the intended visit, and permitted Mount Pleasant to be put in an effective state of defence. On the last occasion of the Sheriff's entering his territory, Reginald lowered from his walls a liberal supply of liquors and refreshments for the soldiery, and apologized for not admitting the officers, under the plea of their being in *bad company*, but assured them he would be delighted to receive them on any other opportunity. The Sheriff made a suitable return, and when he viewed the multitude of wild ferocious men (whom *Regey* modestly designated the *tinints*), who had collected from the adjacent country, he made a secret vow, that nothing would ever induce him again to enter, in hostile array, the precincts of Mount Pleasant.

The sober livery of night gradually overspread the distant landscape—the evening breeze came coolly from the lake, and a refreshing dew fell upon arid leaf and drooping flower. The rebel now ventured to unclosethe casement, and as the windows were considerably elevated above the ground, he could enjoy in security the gentle season of summer's sweetest hour. Never was there a lovelier

scene than that which lay before him—it was nature's own repose: all human sounds were stilled—the land-rail creaked in the grass—the bat eddied round the top of the pine-tree, and the owl, flapping his wings heavily, flitted slowly past. There was no moon, but the stars were bright and numerous, and one of peculiar brilliancy attracted the attention of the recluse. As he watched its beautiful scintillations, he observed a dark and undefined object emerge from the cover of the trees: the form remained stationary, but still too distant to be accurately discerned. With the quick feelings of apprehension which his situation naturally excited, O'Hara kept his eye steadily on the cause of his alarm, when a female voice, in under tones, chaunted the words of a well remembered ballad, with whose wild melody his ear was perfectly familiar:—

\*Oh all you young men and maidens a warning take from me,  
Never to court your true love when under an ozier tree;  
For the Devil and his temptations they forced me for to  
stray,  
And caused the death of my true love, sweet Rosy Conoley.

\* This ballad I heard under *peculiar circumstances*. I imagine the *Johnson* alluded to was *County Keeper* in the reign of Charles II.



The singer stopped, and after a short pause from the opposite side of the dell, a male voice took up the ditty :

My curse light on you, Johnson, you have bolted me so fast,  
But in spite of all your endeavours, I must be free at last.  
My bolts they jingle and glitter for the length of the long  
summer's day,  
But they shall here lie rusting when I am far away.

O'Hara listened in breathless impatience—he could not be mistaken. The second voice was that of Mahony. Should he speak, and at once discover himself? He listened, for there might be others near him. He endeavoured to recollect the words of the ballad, which he continued in an under voice, from the casement :

And yonder stands my father, with many a tearful eye,  
Lamenting for his darling, who hangs on the gibbet so high:  
I'll write it upon my tombstone, you may read it as you  
pass by—  
My name it is Patrick Mulroony, who killed Rosy Conoley.

As O'Hara sang, the distant figure approached, while the concealed singer issued from the copse, and both stood beneath the window.

“Hist—hist,” said the sharp voice of Alice—  
“O'Hara, all is ready—be quick—be silent.”

The rebel chief hesitated—was he to leave

Emily for ever? Grateful feelings for her past protection obliterated every recollection of her former apostasy. Alice made an impatient movement with her arm.

“O'Hara, rouse ye—you dally, and the time is urgent.”

He cut a lock of his long dark hair, and having scrawled a few hasty lines, placed them on the table, and ejaculating a fervent blessing on his fond but erring Emily, leaped lightly from the casement. Again he was in the open air—the green turf was beneath his feet, and once more he felt himself a freeman.

For an instant Alice held him to her heart, and Mahony pressed his hand: neither spoke; and when he attempted to address them, both motioned him to be silent. Alice led the party, and leaving the opener avenue, turned into a devious and difficult path, which wound through thick brushwood to the water. Once through an opening in the copse, Mahony pointed out a distant fire, and the frequent passage of many figures about the light, showed the necessity of strict silence, lest a military bivouac, which was near them, should be alarmed.

They gained the lake unobserved, and embarking in a little skiff, which was fastened to a tree, Mahony, with muffled paddles, rowed quietly from the shore.

The boat had gained some distance from the land before Alice broke the silence.

“ We are safe,” she said. “ The waters tell no tales. It required care and caution to approach you, but to Mary be the glory !” and she crossed herself. “ We have succeeded. All is now over, and the chains of Ireland are rivetted with adamant. Henry, you have played your part well—deeply your father’s murder was avenged ; and all that man could do, with timid slaves or dreaming fools, you did. Now, look your last on Castle Carra ! for to-morrow night you will be upon the green sea—an outcast and a wanderer. Where the bark bears you, you may find friends and country ; but for me, *one dark home* is left :” and she pointed to the cemetery on the little island, close to which the skiff was gliding. “ When the forest oak falls, the shrub may evade the storm, but such was not the fate of Alice. The fall of towers, which time had not shaken,

would not satiate the rapacity of revenge. By the blaze of Castle Carra the savage yeomen sought my lowly dwelling: they trod my flowers down beneath their horses' feet: they bayoneted my cattle in the fold, and burned my cottage to the earth, and they returned in triumph with me a prisoner. I was the wretched trophy of their victory! Oh! curses wither the base cowards."

Alice remained silent for a few moments, during which she appeared to be attentively inspecting the appearance of the heavens. O'Hara, as he watched the frequent alteration of countenance, and phrensied flashing of the eye, remarked that she laboured under no common excitation. With characteristic rapidity of thought, she seemed absorbed in starry speculations, and murmured to herself. Suddenly she seized O'Hara's arm, and pointing to the bright star, whose beauty he had before observed, she continued in broken tones;

"Sweet star! often have these aged eyes watched thy many changes. Star of Alice! Star of the house of O'Hara! What may thy frequent obscurations portend to a fallen name?"

Henry looked steadily. The star coruscated for a little, and then burst forth in glorious splendour. Mahony, whose superstition took alarm, rested on his oars. Again the planet's brilliant beams glanced lightly in the heavens—it wavered—it grew dim—and vanished!

“What may its meaning be?” asked Mahony, as he trembled.

“Death!” returned Alice, in tones which startled the daring outlaw.

At that moment the boat grounded on the beach, and O'Hara once more stood on his paternal property.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

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I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—  
Now—now—ere yet their blades are nigh.  
Oh! haste—the bark that bore me hither  
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea—  
East—west—alas! I care not whither,  
So thou art safe, and I with thee!

*Moore.*

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PRECEDED by his strange guide, O'Hara had advanced but a few steps, when a man, enveloped in a military cloak so closely as to prevent his figure from being noticed, and mounted on a powerful horse, issued from a thicket, and reined up in front of the fugitives. "Alice," he said, in a deep voice, "is he safe?"

"He is," she replied.

"Then hasten on; there are those abroad who might mar your journey—be cautious and be quick. The bridge is occupied by a Highland picket, and cavalry videttes are on the high road and great avenue. You can easily

ford the river at the old mill, and then stop not till you reach your destination." Scarcely waiting to finish his instructions, the rider spurred his horse, and was soon out of sight.

His orders were promptly obeyed, and favoured by the darkness, the military out-posts were avoided. They crossed the river silently, and striking into a mountain-path, two hours' fast walking placed them in front of Mount Pleasant, the domicile of Reginald Maguire.

Why the name of Mount Pleasant had been attached by the Lord of the mansion to his singularly wild residence would be difficult to determine. It was a grey, deserted-looking edifice, standing on a cold hill, and surrounded by heath and bogs. The sea was visible from the house, and in measured fall the waves were heard faintly breaking on the rock-bound shore. From the contiguity of the ocean, the constant sea breeze had effectually counteracted the feeble attempts of Reginald and his ancestors to introduce trees into a bleak enclosure, environed by high and rugged fences, which was proudly denominated "the domain." The offices were connected with the mansion by a

strong wall, which the freakish builder had ornamented with an embattled crown; and as this defence encircled the house on every side, when the gate was closed, Mount Pleasant was secure from any thing but escalade.

Morning was just breaking when O'Hara and his companions stopped before Reginald's dwelling. Although the entrance was secured, it was evident from the many lights which flashed from the windows, that the inmates had not yet retired to repose. The sound of numerous voices floated on the morning breeze, and loud laugh, and louder singing, bespoke a scene of noisy revelry. Between two fierce, foreign-looking dogs, chained to kennels at either side of the gate, Mahony advanced, and knocked. A short and friendly greeting passed between him and a person within; the bolts were immediately withdrawn, and the travellers admitted to the court-yard.

The interior exhibited a curious scene—a contraband cargo had that night been landed, and conveyed to Mount Pleasant; and the smugglers from various parts of the neighbourhood were in active preparation to disperse it



through the country. A hundred horses, laden with bales and kegs, were piquetted and feeding in the yard; and the noise which had been heard by O'Hara and his companions proceeded from those desperadoes, who were assiduously employed refreshing themselves in the mansion, before they should take the road with their hazardous commodities.

Amid the general confusion of Reginald's household, his late visitors entered unnoticed and unannounced, and conducted by Pat Mahony, who seemed well acquainted with the topography of the interior, they gained the hall, from which, in a room well lighted, and provided with a comfortable repast, the owner of Mount Pleasant was discovered with two strangers and his lady wife.

O'Hara and Alice stopped at the open door to scrutinize those within before they entered. In the elder of the strangers, Henry recognised the reverend Delegate whom he had once before seen at Castle Carra; he sighed deeply, and with his head leaning on his hand, was absorbed in reflections of no pleasurable character.

There was nothing ambiguous in the appearance of the other visitor—his blue jacket and trowsers—the India handkerchief carelessly knotted round his brawny neck—a brown leathern belt, provided with pistols and a dagger, at once announced him to be the commander of the smuggling vessel; his cutlass lay beside him on a chair, and as he silently drew dense volumes of tobacco from a large Dutch pipe, he appeared to have no inclination to disturb the reveries of his thoughtful neighbour. At the opposite side of the apartment, the lady of the house, a comely, corpulent sort of person, was seated. Her showy dress and profusion of foreign ornaments, intimated that she still asserted her claims to admiration. She was now engaged in overlooking certain silks and laces, probably a present from the bold outlaw beside her; when suddenly raising her eyes, she addressed the fourth person, who proved to be Reginald himself:—“How long, Mr. Maguire, do you intend waiting supper for those people? and may I ask who they are whom you expect? Captain Matthews requires

refreshment after his fatigue, and really," as she looked at her French watch, "two o'clock is quite late enough for supper."

Reginald started from his chair, and striding across the room, stopped before the Captain—"Look ye, Frank, it's not for every one that you and I should want our supper; but here lies the case—Will Thornton has a friend in jeopardy, and I must give him a helping hand—I owe it to Thornton, and, by ——, I will pay the debt handsomely. Hear me, Frank, I was obliged to attend the last Assizes, and that scoundrel, Dogherty, affronted me in the street—I struck him, and a challenge passed; I had neither *irons* or a friend, and on a very slight acquaintance, I applied to Thornton to take me into his care—he did it, and did it well—for on the ground we made Dogherty retract his words, and give us an apology; and I tell you, Frank, the man who brings his friend off the sod safely and honourably, confers a favour that should never be forgotten. And now, Mrs. Maguire, in answer to your question, the Devil a one of me knows or cares who they are, or what they are. They come recommended

to me by my tried friend, and that's enough for Reginald Maguire."

The Smuggler listened without interruption, occasionally assenting by a nod when personally addressed. As Maguire stopped speaking, Alice More glided into the room.

A hearty Irish greeting accompanied the exclamation of surprise her sudden appearance had caused, and the outlaw hailed her as a former acquaintance. She took the host aside, but before she had whispered long, he exclaimed,

"In my house, say you? By the Lord ——, his father's son is welcome. Rise, Mrs. Maguire—here is my guest—and never came one here whose visit gave me more pleasure."

As he spoke, O'Hara entered. A string of disjointed sentences, garnished with sundry oaths, bespoke the sincerity of Reginald's reception, while the Captain testified his friendship by a painful pressure of his iron grasp. In an instant every member of Maguire's numerous and ill-assorted household were put in due commotion. Wines and liquors of all descriptions were produced in alarming quantities, and the cook was notified that supper was

immediately required, by Reginald himself yelling from the stair-head, "Dish, and be damned to you!"

But this rude hospitality was unheeded by the melancholy guest. The last, bitter hour was come—he was to leave his native land for ever—and all his efforts to control the anguish of the moment were unavailing. Whatever might be Alice More's feelings, she took care to conceal them. She stood in the narrow window, watching the sun's first blush reddening the distant sea. The host and smuggler were soon deeply engaged in discussing the good cheer before them, and the rebel had ample leisure to view the bold outlaw on whose fidelity and prudence his fate entirely depended.

Captain Matthews, or as he was familiarly called, *Black Frank*, was celebrated for several years as a daring and successful smuggler. For a time his runs from Flushing were quick and lucky, till too confident in his own good fortune he placed the greater portion of his property, the fruits of many a former adventure, in one cargo, and with a lugger of matchless sailing started for the Irish coast. The

thickness of the weather obliged him to lie to off the land, and when morning broke and the fog cleared away with that magical rapidity which seamen so often experience, he found himself under the guns of a British frigate. A bold attempt he made to free himself from his enemy was rendered abortive, as one broadside dismasted the lugger, and he had scarcely time to escape by his boat before the captors boarded, and secured their valuable prize. With desperate resolution, Matthews repaired to Holland, and embarking his all in the venture, sailed from the Scheldt in an armed cutter. Again his evil stars brought him in contact with a revenue brig, and nothing remained but to fight his way. He did so, and succeeded; and as many lives were lost on the occasion, his outlawry was pronounced, and a reward offered for his apprehension. Persevering in his perilous traffic, his offences against the laws were farther heightened by his running down a man-of-war's boat; which, with several others, attempted to board him in a calm. Quite satisfied that his crimes could not be forgiven, he latterly became the agent of the French Re-

public, and through his means a regular communication was maintained with the Irish malcontents. Informed of his present employment, the Government had issued special orders to the cruisers in the Channel to risk every thing to take him; and, if once apprehended, his fate was by no means problematical.

Such was the agent destined to carry O'Hara from his native country, and naturally he turned his attention to examine his daring conductor.

The outlaw's features were regular and handsome; although a young man, change of climate and continued fatigue had grizzled his coal-black hair, and his cheek was bronzed with constant exposure to sun and storm. His forehead was open and bold, and but for a wildness of expression, his quick and sparkling eye would have completed a countenance of manly beauty. Reginald and he appeared willing to forget all the cares and disquietudes of mortal life, and a huge bowl was nearly exhausted, when a Sailor opened the door of the parlour, and beckoned his Commander to follow him.

The Captain was not long absent—the intel-

ligence he received had changed his careless demeanour, without shaking the intrepidity now habitual to his character. Lifting his cutlass from the chair, he buckled it to his side, and coolly turning to O'Hara, "The coast is alarmed," he said; "and to avoid a morning visit from the squadron of frigates in the next Bay, I must be off. To be taken would be an awkward business, I imagine, for both of us—for I should be choked at the yard-arm, and you would dangle from a tree; but there would be little wisdom in swinging when a man had half a ton of powder in the magazine, and a match to light it; no fear of blowing up, however,—leave me but sea room, a gun-shot to windward, a steady breeze, and as much of it as I can carry my gaff top-sail to—and a fig for the navy of England! Good bye, Mrs. Maguire," as he saluted Reginald's wife, who was whispering to him something about "Flemish crape," "kid gloves," "Mechlin lace."—"All," said the outlaw, in reply to her; "you shall have all, unless King George catches the clipper, and, faith, that will cost his Majesty some trouble. But come along, man, this is no time



for drivelling—men who trust the sea must leave their tears behind them.”

His address was to the Minister, who when taking leave of Mrs. Maguire became deeply affected, the association of ideas created by parting with a female having recalled to his recollection the recent and painful scene he had suffered in leaving his wife and family. He made no reply to the rough seaman, but turned to O'Hara, and with tears running down his cheek said, with great feeling,—“ The last night we met we little supposed that this would be the issue—but God's will be done!” and he hurried from the room.

The morning was clear and dry, and the fresh breeze blew favourably for the departure of the exiles. At the beach a fishing-boat was waiting for them, and the “ Jane” herself was standing off and on, with her enormous main-sail triced up, and her top-sail on the gaff. The exiles descended the cliffs by a rugged pathway;—the little bay was scarcely ruffled by the land-breeze, and the slight swell broke at the foot of huge rocks, which rising abruptly from the water's edge afforded safety and con-

cealment to the bold adventurers who often visited this unfrequented coast. O'Hara's glance rested on two persons who were standing at no great distance. Alice More remarked them—"It is the horseman," she said, "who directed our route last night."

"And his companion," said the rebel—

"Is your deliverer."

While they spoke, the taller of the two beckoned him to approach, and when he stood beside him he found in the disguised stranger his faithful friend, Thornton.

"William," he said, taking his offered hand, "how shall I find words to thank you; you have been the protector of my honour, the preserver of my life—"

Thornton interrupted him—"Nay, no thanks, Harry, you have no time, nor I inclination, for any common-place conversation. Is there any thing to be done for you in which my services may be necessary? Your wardrobe is refitted and on board, and now, before we part, say if in any way I can be further useful?" Thornton paused, and watched the countenance of the rebel chief.

“ William, that poor attached creature,” and he pointed to Alice, who was leaning against a distant rock; “ she is helpless and unprotected, and when her fidelity to me is known, it will be the ground for party cruelty and persecution; can you, will you protect her?”

“ I will, and none shall injure her while I live!”

“ There is another whom I leave—one message to her, and I trespass on you no farther.” He paused a little, and continued in an under voice—“ That stranger listens, and what I am about to speak is but for your private ear.”

“ That boy is sent to you by your deliverer, Lady Constance—start not, I was but her agent—he is commissioned to speak to you, and while I renew my acquaintance with my fair charge, Alice, I will leave you together.”

Left alone with the young stranger, in vain the rebel chief endeavoured to catch a glimpse of his face or figure—both were alike concealed beneath the ample folds of his riding cloak, and recognition was impossible. To O'Hara's question, he simply replied, that he was a cou-

fidential friend of Lady Constance Loftus, and had been desired by her to give him that "last token of her regard," and he put a silk note-case in his hand. The exile opened it—within was a lock of beautiful light hair, with bank-notes of considerable value—a few lines were written in unsteady characters on the cover, conveying affectionate wishes for his happiness, and a delicate request that he would accept of the enclosure as a loan, until his own finances were satisfactorily arranged. The bearer was mentioned as a gentleman of approved fidelity, in whom implicit confidence might be reposed, but from the violent political feelings of his family, he wished that his name, and his being accessory to O'Hara's escape, should alike remain unknown.

The stranger observed the exile in silence, as his eye hastily ran over the farewell lines of his gentle deliverer. He tore the leaf from the note-case which contained his mistress's adieu, and folded the ringlet in the paper. Then taking from beneath his vest a locket of dark enamel, which encircled a miniature of his

father, he placed the gift of Lady Constance in the crystal, kissed it, and returned it to his bosom—

“ Young gentleman,” he said, “ I regret that the reasons which induce you to conceal your name are such as to prevent me from pressing to know the person who has so generously befriended a ruined man. My poor thanks is all, however, now in my power to offer you for this generous service. To her to whom doubtless I owe your interference, convey the fondest love—the heart-felt prayer of the *last* of the O’Haras! Tell her that the exile thought of her as his foot stood lingering on the shore he leaves for ever; and in a foreign land, when his eye turns to the home of his fathers, his lips shall invoke blessings on her whose remembrance his heart will ever hold—living, her memory shall be cherished—and dying, her name be mingled with his parting sigh. I return this book, but not until I robbed it of its treasure, and all that remains to *me* is valueless. Bear her this last request, that she will sometimes think of one who loved her’ faithfully, and that in her hours of happiness (and

may no others be hers), when united to some one who can estimate the treasure he possesses"—

"She will never be a wife," said the boy, with deep emotion.

"*Never!* young sir—oh! yes. Has she not youth, fortune, beauty?"

"Will these," said the boy, "cure a hopeless passion, and will wealth, and birth, and flattery, remedy a wounded heart?"

"Time has a cure," said the rebel, "for every human passion—"

"Has it for revenge?" returned the boy, with quickness and peculiar meaning. "What makes O'Hara an exile—what drives him from his ancient domains a wandering, friendless, solitary man?"

The rebel's brow darkened—"Stop, young sir, this is a freedom from a stranger which even services will scarcely warrant—you probe me deeply, but I will not shrink from it. Yes, I am a wanderer, a homicide, a felon—name me as you will—and I might have been neither had I but kissed the hand of the oppressor, and forgotten that my father's was a legal murder! But this warmth is foolish, and I stoop not to

defend my motives—we part, I trust, in friendship.” As he spoke, he took the stranger’s passive hand; but as he pressed the white and slender figures, he suddenly exclaimed—“ It is a woman, by Heaven!—it is—it must be Constance!” as he threw aside the loose cloak, and caught her to his breast. “ Oh! Constance, why have you come here? How shall I now leave Ireland—how shall I leave you?”

“ We will never part, O’Hara,” she said, solemnly. “ My heart is nearly broken, for God only knows what I have suffered for you; but make me yours; and all will be forgotten!”

“ And will Constance be an outlaw’s mistress—a wanderer’s wife?”

She did not speak, but throwing herself on his bosom sobbed convulsively. Thornton had approached in silence—the minister was beside him; the rebel and his faithful mistress interchanged their mutual plight, and M’Clure, according to the simple forms of the Scottish church, pronounced them “ man and wife for ever!”

Matthews, who was standing at a distance with Reginald and Mahony, had testified con-

siderable impatience during O'Hara's interview with the stranger, but when he saw them kneeling on the strand, his astonishment was unbounded—"An' it be not prayers they're at!" he exclaimed; "was ever the like known in a civilized country? If the youngsters have lost their wits, I wonder the old one was not afraid to lose time. What! to turn to a preaching with the wind off the land, and it ebb water; not that I see any harm in it for people ashore, who have more time on hand than they can stow conveniently."

Reginald, who conjectured what was passing, explained it to the smuggler.

"Well, if the world be not getting worse every year I am growing older," rejoined the commander of the *Jane*. "So it's a splicing match it seems. Why, if they were honest folk, would they not take each other's word till they could be buckled like Christians, instead of knuckling on the cold stones this blessed morning; but here they come. Matrimony's not such a deadly business after all, if the old one's splice was not a hurried job. Jane, a-hoy! Stand by for the boat—here they are—jump in



Mahony and be ——." As he spoke the cutter came up in the wind, and head-reached to the shore, the enormous folds of canvass rustling in the morning breeze.

O'Hara took a hurried leave of Reginald, and stepped into the boat; while Thornton lifted the beautiful boy and placed him in the exile's arms—for a moment he pressed his lips to the youth's fair forehead, and wringing the rebel's hand, he whispered an eternal adieu. The smuggler sprang lightly from the cliff upon the gunwale, and exclaiming "Give way, men," the oars fell in the water, and O'Hara left his native shore for ever!

In a few minutes the voyagers were on board, and the cutter having trimmed her sails, under a cloud of canvass, heeled to the stiff land-breeze and cleft the waters gallantly, until doubling a projecting hill, she ceased to be seen from the shore.

Reginald and his companion watched her in silence as she disappeared; the former broke it by pointing to the picturesque appearance of Alice More, who standing on a high cliff seemed still to follow the vessel with her eye

—her hands were extended, and her attitude wild and dramatic. Suddenly her arms fell, and she sank down upon the rock. “Poor soul!” Thornton exclaimed; “her feelings overcome her, and she faints. Up, Reginald, and assist her.” They quickly ascended the high cliff, and raised her in their arms. Maguire called the fishermen, who had returned, and one of them brought water in his hat—they bathed her cold temples, and tried the customary means for her recovery, but in vain—Alice More was dead!

The fishers conveyed the corpse to Reginald’s mansion, where her obsequies were celebrated with all the forms peculiar to the country. A multitude of the peasantry followed her remains to the little island of Castle Carra, where she was interred by Thornton’s orders, and her ashes mingled in death with those of that family, to whom in life she had been attached so fatally and so faithfully.

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Here ends my transcript from the manuscript of the late Mr. Steevens. There were many

letters and other documents which I might have used freely, but I considered them to be of a private nature, or that their publication would, at this time, be premature. A few years passed over, and this difficulty will cease. Let but one act of political justice be done—remove their disabilities from the Roman Catholic millions of Ireland, and unshackle those whom God intended to be free—the acrimony and turmoil of parties, civil and religious, will exist no longer. I am well advanced in life, and, therefore, in common course of nature, may not live to see it; but I am confident the day is not distant when orange and green will be no more regarded in the Emerald Isle than are roses, red and white, in the Sister Kingdom\*.

As the conclusion of the MS. leaves many of the persons mentioned in the preceding pages, what the Novelists of the old school would call “unaccounted for,” I have added a few notices which I picked up during my farewell visit to Ireland.

\* Doctor Ashworth died in 1818. From appearances, one would imagine the Doctor was prophetic.

Soon after the departure of O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. M'Culloch formally separated, and the latter died the following Spring in giving birth to a boy. From reasons unknown to the world, M'Culloch never saw the infant, and dying suddenly the ensuing year, the child became sole heir to his immense properties. It was said that when the lady was on her death-bed, her husband was summoned to her chamber, and a short interview occurred; what passed remains to this day a secret; but it was observed, that afterwards M'Culloch was never seen to smile.

After this event Lady De Clifford retired from the world. She lived a few years in a state of mental depression; and like all who sacrifice principle to policy, her life was a scene of deception and distress.

When I visited Newbridge, I heard (for every trifle is a subject of conversation in a country town) that two strangers had taken up their residence there. They lived in obscure lodgings, and announced themselves the one to be a teacher of music, and his friend a H. P. Ensign of Militia, who purposed turning his

talents for drawing to advantage. This, their story, was firmly credited by the worthy burghers; but Mrs. Glossin and Miss Carney held an opposite opinion; and from the braiding of the musician's coat, and the yellow hue of the painter's cheek, they came to a conclusion that they were some of the "proud ones of the earth," who had fallen from their "high estate" with the dynasty of Napoleon. The strangers were invited, of course, to Pompeii, and every visit only confirmed the opinions of the hostess and her friend. I returned after a short absence from the town, and found all in commotion. The preceding night Miss Joanna Bailey had absconded with him of the braided coat; while his swarthy friend, "mine ancient," had been equally polite in assisting Charlotte Smith to visit the hymeneal altar. When I departed for England nothing farther had transpired than that the "partie quarrée" had travelled northwards; but whether the interesting unknowns were marshals or marquisses was not then determined. Mirabeau had succeeded to the village surgeon just deceased; and the youthful Bonaparte evinced his warlike pro-

pensities, with a fine development of the organ of destructiveness, by laming George Washington for life, and breaking more glass than all the school beside.

William Thornton's mother only survived the Rebellion a few months. On her death he immediately entered the army, and was gazetted to the — Regiment. He signalised himself in Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie; and by the interest of the Loftus family, his promotion was as rapid as it was merited, until his brilliant career terminated gloriously in the breach of Badajos. He fell at the head of his national regiment, the gallant 8—, leading the column to the assault; and a beautiful monument, erected by his townsmen, in the church of Newbridge, records the battles where he bled, and the victories he witnessed.

THE END.













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